

THE HYMNER

CONTAINING

TRANSLATIONS OF THE HYMNS

from the

SARUM BREVIARY

TOGETHER WITH

SUNDRY SEQUENCES & PROCESSIONS

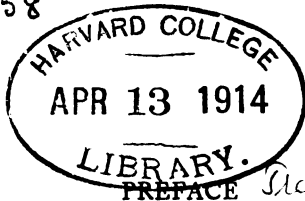
(Second Edition)

PLAINSONG & MEDIEVAL MUSIC SOCIETY

44 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON

1905

Mus 171.58



In this little volume are contained translations of all, save two, of the Hymns from the Sarum Breviary. To these has been added a selection of Sequences and Processions, also (for the most part) of Sarum Use. Of the total number, nearly one half are from the pen of the late Dr. J. M. Neale, of whose vigorous and scholarly renderings the Editor has gladly availed himself. In order however to make the collection more complete, it was necessary to draw upon other sources. The names of those to whom the Editor is indebted, directly or indirectly, for assistance in this work, will be found in the English Index. While acknowledging his obligations to each and all of these, whether living or departed, he feels bound to mention with special gratitude the name of his former valued friend and colleague, the late Rev. M. J. Blacker.

The letters (E), (M), (L), stand for Evensong, Mattins and Lauds respectively.

N.B. The proper Tunes of all the Breviary Hymns and Processions, and of most of the Sequences, are contained in the 'Hymn Melodies' published by the Plainsong and Medieval Music Society.

G. H. P.

Translation of S. Edward, K. C. 1904

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THE HYMNER

PROPER OF THE SEASON

ADVENT

I (E) *Conditor alme syderum*

Creator of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear thy servants when they call.

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death an universe,
Hast found the med'cine, full of grace,
To save and heal a ruin'd race.

Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the bride,
As drew the world to even-tide:
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,
The spotless Victim all divine.

At whose dread Name, majestick now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow,
And things celestial thee shall own,
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.

O thou, whose coming is with dread
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
From ev'ry insult of the foe.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

2 (M) *Verbum supernum prodiens*

TO earth descending, Word sublime,
Begotten ere the days of time :
Who cam'st a Child, the world to aid,
As years their downward course display'd :

Each breast be lightened from above,
Each heart be kindled with thy love :
That we, who hear thy call to-day,
At length may cast earth's joys away.

That so—when thou, our Judge, art nigh,
All secret deeds of men to try,
Shalt mete to sin pangs rightly won,
To just men joy for deeds well done—

Thy servants may not be enchain'd
By punishment their guilt has gain'd :
But with the blessed evermore
May serve and love thee, and adore.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

3 (L) *Vox clara ecce intonat*

H Ark to the voice whose thrilling tone
 Bids shadows of the night begone !
 Vain dreams of earth, and visions, fly !
 Christ in his might shines forth on high.

Now let the sluggard soul arise,
 Which stain'd by sin and wounded lies :
 All breath of ill dispelling far,
 Riseth anew the Morning Star.

From heav'n the Lamb is sent below,
 Freely to pay the debt we owe :
 For this his loving mercy shewn
 With tearful joy our thanks we own.

That when he shall again appear,
 And trembling earth is girt with fear,
 He may to scourge our sins forbear,
 And shield us with his kindly care.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Laud, honour, might, and glory be
 From age to age eternally. Amen.

CHRISTMAS

4 (1st E) *Veni, Redemptor gentium*

Come, thou Redeemer of the earth,
 Come, testify thy Virgin-birth :
 All lands admire, all times applaud ;
 Such is the birth that fits a God.

Begotten of no human will,
 But of the Spirit, mystick still,
 The Word of God, in flesh array'd,
 The promis'd fruit to man display'd.

The Virgin womb that burden gain'd
 With Virgin honour all unstain'd:
 The banners there of virtue glow:
 God in his temple dwells below.

Proceeding from his chamber free,
 The royal hall of chastity,
 Giant of two-fold substance, straight
 His destin'd way he runs elate.

From God the Father he proceeds:
 To God the Father back he speeds:
 Proceeds,—as far as very hell;
 Speeds back—to light ineffable.

O Equal to thy Father, thou!
 Gird on thy fleshly mantle now:
 The weakness of our mortal state
 With deathless might invigorate.

Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
 And darkness breathe a newer light,
 Where endless faith shall shine serene,
 And twilight never intervene.

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee:
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

5 (M) *Christe, Redemptor omnium*

Jesu, the Father's Only Son,
 Whose death for all redemption won:
 Before the worlds, of God most High
 Begotten all ineffably:

The Father's Light and Splendour thou,
Their endless hope to thee that bow:
Accept the prayers and praise to-day
That through the world thy servants pay.

Salvation's Author, call to mind
How, taking form of humankind,
Born of a Virgin undefil'd,
Thou in man's flesh becam'st a Child.

Thus testifies the present day
Through every year in long array,
That thou, Salvation's source alone,
Proceededst from the Father's throne.

Whence sky, and stars, and sea's abyss,
And earth, and all that therein is,
Shall still, with laud and carol meet,
The Author of thine Advent greet.

And we who, by thy precious Blood
From sin redeem'd, are mark'd for God,
On this the day that saw thy Birth,
Sing the new song of ransom'd earth.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

6 (L & 2nd E) *A solis ortus cardine*

From lands that see the sun arise
To earth's remotest boundaries,
The Virgin-born to-day we sing,
The Son of Mary, Christ the King.

Blest Author of this earthly frame,
To take a servant's form he came,
That, liberating flesh by flesh,
Whom he had made might live afresh.

In that chaste parent's holy womb
Celestial grace hath found its home :
And she, as earthly bride unknown,
Yet calls that Offspring blest her own.

The mansion of the modest breast
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest :
The pure and undefilèd one
Conceivèd in her womb the Son.

That Son, that royal Son she bore,
Whom Gabriel's voice had told afore :
Whom, in his mother yet conceal'd,
The infant Baptist had reveal'd.

The manger and the straw he bore,
The cradle did he not abhor :
By milk in infant portions fed,
Who gives e'en fowls their daily bread.

The heavenly chorus fill'd the sky,
The Angels sang to God on high,
What time to shepherds, watching lone,
They made creation's Shepherd known.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

S. STEPHEN

7

S. STEPHEN, PROTOMARTYR

(M) *Hymn 63*

7 (L & E) *Sancte Dei preciose*

Saint of God, elect and precious,
Protomartyr Stephen, bright
With thy love of amplest measure,
Shining round thee like a light;
Who to God commendedst, dying,
Them that did thee all despise :

Glitters now the crown above thee,
Figur'd in thy sacred name:
Plead that we, who truly love thee,
May have portion in the same ;
In the dreadful Day of Judgement
Fearing neither sin nor shame.

Laud to God, and might, and honour,
Who with flow'rs of rosy dye
Crown'd thy forehead, and hath placed thee
In the starry throne on high :
He direct us, he protect us
From death's sting eternally. Amen.

S. JOHN, AP. EV.

(M) *Hymn 59* (L & E) *Hymn 60*

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

(M) *Hymn 65, vv. 1, 5 & 6.* (L & E) *Hymn 66*

PROPER OF THE SEASON

S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY, M.

(M) *Hymn 63* (L & E) *Hymn 64*

S. SYLVESTER, B. C.

(1st E & M) *Hymn 67* (L) *Hymn 68*

THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD

(E & L) *Hymn 6* (M) *Hymn 5*

EPIPHANY

8 (E & M) *Hostis Herodes impie*

W^HY, impious Herod, vainly fear
 That Christ the Saviour cometh here?
 He takes not earthly realms away,
 Who gives the crown that lasts for aye.

To greet his birth the Wise Men went,
 Led by the star before them sent:
 Called on by light, to Light they prest,
 And by their gifts their God confest.

In holy Iordan's purest wave
 The heavenly Lamb vouchsaf'd to lave:
 That he, to whom was sin unknown,
 Might cleanse his people from their own.

New miracle of Power Divine!
 The water reddens into wine:
 He spake the word, and pour'd the wave
 In other streams than nature gave.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay
 For thine Epiphany to-day :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

9 (L) *A Patre Unigenitus*

S Ent down by God to this world's frame
 The Only Son through Mary came :
 And hallow'd by his Cross the wave,
 To give new life, and man to save.

From highest heav'n he came on earth ;
 He took the form of man at birth :
 Redeem'd by death the world he made,
 And gives us joys that cannot fade.

Glide on, thou glorious Sun, and bring
 The gift of healing on thy wing :
 The clearness of thy light dispense
 To all thy people's ev'ry sense.

Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
 Chase night and all its shades away :
 The stains of ev'ry sin remove,
 And give us healing of thy love.

We, knowing thou didst come of yore,
 Believe thou shalt return once more :
 The glorious flock of thine elect
 With thy defending shield protect.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay
 For thine Epiphany to-day :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

FROM THE OCTAVE OF THE EPIPHANY
TILL THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

SATURDAY

10 (E) *Deus Creator omnium*

MAker of all things, God most high,
Great Ruler of the starry sky !
Who rob'st the day in beauteous light,
In sweet repose the quiet night ;

That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more :
May gently soothe the care-worn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest :

We thank thee for the day now gone ;
We pray thee, as the night comes on,
Help us, poor sinners, as we raise
To thee our wonted hymn of praise.

To thee our hearts their musick bring,
Thee our united voices sing,
To thee our pure affections soar,
Thee may our chastened souls adore.

So when the deepening shades prevail,
And night o'er day hath dropt her veil,
Faith may no wildering darkness know,
But night with faith effulgent glow.

O sleepless ever keep the mind !
But guilt in lasting slumber bind :
Let faith our chastity renew,
And temper sleep's lethargick dew.

From every wrongful passion free,
Our inmost hearts make sleep in thee :
Nor let the fiend with envious snare
Our rest with sinful terrors scare.

Christ, with the Father ever One,
Spirit, of Father and of Son,
God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us, great Trinity, we pray. Amen.

SUNDAY

II (M) *Primo dierum omnium*

ON this the day that saw the earth
From utter darkness first have birth :
The day its Maker rose again,
And vanquish'd death, and burst our chain :

Away with sleep and slothful ease !
We raise our hearts and bend our knees,
And early seek the Lord of all,
Obedient to the Prophet's call.

That he may grant us that we crave ;
May stretch his strong right arm to save :
And, purging out each sinful stain,
Restore us to our home again.

Assembled here this holy day,
This holiest hour we raise the lay :
And O that he to whom we sing
May now reward our offering !

O Father of unclouded light !
We pray thee, kneeling in thy sight,
From all defilement to be freed,
And every sinful act and deed :

That this our body's mortal frame
 May know no sin, and fear no shame,
 Whereby the fires of hell may rise
 To torture us in fiercer wise.

We therefore, Saviour, cry to thee
 To wash out our iniquity:
 And give us of thy boundless grace
 The blessings of the heavenly place.

That we, thence exiled by our sin,
 Hereafter may be welcom'd in:
 That blessed time awaiting now,
 With hymns of glory here we bow.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee:
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son:
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

12 (L) *Eterne rerum Conditor*

MAker of all, eternal King,
 Who day and night about dost bring:
 Who, weary mortals to relieve,
 Dost in their times the seasons give :

Now the shrill cock proclaims the day,
 And calls the sun's awak'ning ray—
 The wand'ring pilgrim's guiding light,
 That marks the watches night by night.

Rous'd at the note, the morning star
Heav'n's dusky veil uplifts afar :
Night's vagrant bands no longer roam,
But from their dark ways hie them home.

The encouraged sailor's fears are o'er,
The framing billows rage no more :
Lo ! e'en the very Church's Rock
Melts at the crowing of the cock.

O let us then like men arise ;
The cock rebukes our slumbering eyes,
Bestirs who still in sleep would lie,
And shames who would their Lord deny.

New hope his clarion-note awakes,
Sickness the feeble frame forsakes,
The robber sheathes his lawless sword,
Faith to the fallen is restored.

Look on us, Jesu, when we fall,
And with that look our souls recall:
If thou but look, our sins are gone,
And with due tears our pardon won.

Shed through our hearts thy piercing ray,
Our souls' dull slumber drive away:
Thy Name be first on every tongue,
To thee our earliest praises sung.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

13 (E) *Lucis Creator optime*

O Blest Creator of the light,
 Who mak'st the day with radiance bright,
 And o'er the forming world didst call
 The light from chaos first of all :

Whose wisdom join'd in meet array
 The morn and eve, and named them Day:
 Night comes with all its darkling fears,
 Regard thy people's pray'rs and tears.

Lest sunk in sin, and 'whelm'd with strife,
 They lose the gift of endless life :
 While thinking but the thoughts of time,
 They weave new chains of woe and crime.

But grant them grace that they may strain
 The heav'nly gate and prize to gain :
 Each harmful lure aside to cast,
 And purge away each error past.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

MONDAY

14 (M) *Somno refectis artubus*

O Ur limbs refresh'd with slumber now,
And sloth cast off, in pray'r we bow:
And while we sing thy praises dear,
O Father, be thou present here.

To thee our earliest morning song,
To thee our hearts' full pow'rs belong:
And thou, O holy One, prevent
Each following action and intent.

As shades at morning flee away,
And night before the star of day:
So each transgression of the night
Be purged by thee, celestial Light!

Cut off, we pray thee, each offence,
And ev'ry lust of thought and sense:
That by their lips who thee adore
Thou may'st be prais'd for evermore.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son:
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

15 (L)

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ

THOU Brightness of the Father's ray,
 True Light of light and Day of day :
 Light's fountain and eternal spring :
 Thou Morn, the morn illumining !

Glide in, thou very Sun divine ;
 With everlasting brightness shine :
 And shed abroad on every sense
 The Spirit's light and influence.

Thee, Father, let us seek aright—
 The Father of perpetual light,
 The Father of almighty grace—
 Each wile of sin away to chase.

Our acts with courage do thou fill :
 Blunt thou the tempter's tooth of ill :
 Misfortune into good convert,
 Or give us grace to bear unhurt.

Our spirits, whatsoe'er betide,
 In chaste and loyal bodies guide :
 Let Faith, with fervour unalloy'd,
 The bane of falsehood still avoid :

And Christ our daily food be nigh,
 And Faith our daily cup supply :
 So may we quaff, to calm and bless,
 The Spirit's rapturous holiness.

Now let the day in joy pass on :
 Our modesty like early dawn,
 Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
 Our souls the twilight never know.

See ! morn pursues her shining way :
 True Morning, all thy beams display !
 Son with the mighty Father one,
 The Father wholly in the Son.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God, the holy Paraclete. Amen.

16 (E) *Immense celi Conditor*

O Great Creator of the sky,
 Who wouldest not the floods on high
 With earthly waters to confound,
 But mad'st the firmament their bound.

The floods above thou didst ordain ;
 The floods below thou didst restrain :
 That moisture might attemper heat,
 Lest the parch'd earth should ruin meet.

Upon our souls, good Lord, bestow
 The gift of grace in endless flow :
 Lest some renew'd deceit or wile
 Of former sin should us beguile.

Let faith discover heav'nly light ;
 So shall its rays direct us right :
 And let this faith each error chase,
 And never give to falsehood place.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

TUESDAY

17 (M) *Consorts Paterni Luminis*

O Light of Light, O Dayspring bright,
Co-equal in thy Father's light :
Assist us, as with pray'r and psalm
Thy servants break the twilight calm.

All darkness from our minds dispel,
And turn to flight the hosts of hell :
Bid sleepfulness our eyelids fly,
Lest overwhelm'd in sloth we lie.

Jesu ! thy pardon kind and free
Bestow on us who trust in thee :
And as thy praises we declare,
O with acceptance hear our pray'r.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. **Amen.**

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. **Amen.**

18 (L) *Alas dei nuncius*

THe wingèd herald of the day
 Proclaims the morn's approaching ray :
 And Christ the Lord our souls excites,
 And so to endless life invites.

Take up thy bed, to each he cries,
 Who sick, or wrapt in slumber lies :
 And chaste and just and sober stand,
 And watch : my coming is at hand.

With earnest cry, with tearful care,
 Call we the Lord to hear our pray'r :
 While supplication, pure and deep,
 Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

Do thou, O Christ, our slumbers wake ;
 Do thou the chains of darkness break :
 Purge thou our former sins away,
 And in our souls new light display.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

19 (E) *Telluris ingens Conditor*

EArth's mighty Maker, whose command
 Rais'd from the sea the solid land :
 And drove each billowy heap away,
 And bade the earth stand firm for aye.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

That so, with flow'rs of golden hue,
 The seeds of each it might renew :
 And fruit-trees bearing fruit might yield,
 And pleasant pasture of the field.

Our spirit's rankling wounds efface
 With dewy freshness of thy grace :
 That grief may cleanse each deed of ill,
 And o'er each lust may triumph still.

Let every soul thy law obey,
 And keep from every evil way :
 Rejoice each promis'd good to win,
 And flee from every mortal sin.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

WEDNESDAY

20 (M)

Rerum Creator optime

MAker of all things, God of love,
 Our Ruler, hear us from above !
 From harmful slumber set us free,
 Lest steep'd in sloth thy servants be.

To thee, O holy Christ, we pray,
Our sins, though great, to purge away :
The chains of night that held our eyes
We break, and to confession rise.

To thee we raise our hearts, our hands,
Obedient to thine old commands,
Erst by the Prophet's mouth decreed,
And taught by Paul in very deed.

Thine eye our evil acts hath known,
To thee our secret sins we own,
To thee we pour our suppliant cry,
O pardon our iniquity.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. **Amen.**

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. **Amen.**

21 (L) *Nox et tenebre et nubila*

Hence, night and clouds that night-time brings,
Confus'd and dark and troubled things ;
The dawn is here ; the sky grows white :
Christ is at hand ; depart from sight !

Earth's dusky veil is torn away,
Pierced by the sparkling beams of day :
The world resumes its hues apace
Soon as the Day-star shews its face.

But thee, O Christ, alone we seek,
 With conscience pure and temper meek :
 With tears and chaunts we humbly pray
 That thou wouldst guide us through the day.

For many a shade obscures each sense,
 Which needs thy beams to purge it thence :
 Light of the Morning Star ! illumine,
 Serenely shining, all our gloom.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. **Amen.**

After Candlemas :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. **Amen.**

22 (E) *Celi Deus sanctissimus*

○ God, whose hand hath spread the sky,
 And all its shining hosts on high,
 And, painting it with fiery light,
 Made it so beauteous and so bright.

Thou, when the fourth day was begun,
 Didst frame the circle of the sun,
 And set the moon for order'd change,
 And planets for their wider range :

To night and day, by certain line,
 Their varying bounds thou didst assign :
 And gav'st a signal, known and meet,
 For months begun and months complete.

Enlighten thou the hearts of men,
Polluted souls make pure again :
Unloose the bands of guilt within,
Remove the burthen of our sin.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

THURSDAY

23 (M) *Nox atra rerum contegit*

THE dusky veil of night hath laid
The varied hues of earth in shade :
Before thee, righteous Judge of all,
We contrite in confession fall.

Take far away our load of sin,
Our soiled minds make clean within :
Thy sovran grace, O Christ, impart,
From all offence to guard our heart.

For lo ! our mind is dull and cold,
Envenom'd by sin's baneful hold :
Fain would it now the darkness flee,
And seek, Redeemer, unto thee.

Far from it drive the shades of night,
 Its inmost darkness put to flight;
 Till in the daylight of the Blest
 It joys to find itself at rest.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

24 (L) *Lux ecce surgit aurea*

BEhold the golden dawn arise;
 The paling night forsakes the skies :
 Those shades that hid the world from view,
 And us to dangerous error drew.

May this new day be calmly past,
 May we keep pure while it shall last :
 Nor let our lips from truth depart,
 Nor dark designs engage the heart.

So may the day speed on ; the tongue
 No falsehood know, the hands no wrong :
 Our eyes from wanton gaze refrain,
 No guilt our guarded bodies stain.

For God all-seeing from on high
 Surveys us with a watchful eye :
 Each day our every act he knows,
 From early dawn to evening's close.

Doxology until Candlemas:

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas:

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

25 (E) *Magne Deus potencie*

A Lmighty God, who from the flood
 Didst bring to light a two-fold brood :
 Part in the firmament to fly,
 And part in ocean-depths to lie.

Appointing fishes in the sea,
 And fowls in open air to be :
 That each, by origin the same,
 Its separate dwelling-place might claim.

Grant that thy servants, by the tide
 Of Blood and Water purified,
 No guilty fall from thee may know,
 Nor death eternal undergo.

Let none despair through sin's distress,
 Be none puff'd up with boastfulness :
 That contrite hearts be not dismay'd,
 Nor haughty souls in ruin laid.

Doxology until Candlemas:

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

FRIDAY

26 (M) *Tu Trinitatis Unitas*

○ Three in One, and One in Three,
Who rulest all things mightily :
Bow down to hear the songs of praise
Which, freed from bonds of sleep, we raise

While lingers yet the peace of night,
We rouse us from our slumbers light :
That might of instant pray'r may win
Thy healing balm for wounds of sin.

If, by the wiles of Satan caught,
This night-time we have sinn'd in aught,
That sin thy glorious pow'r to-day,
From heav'n descending, cleanse away.

Let naught impure our bodies stain,
No laggard sloth our souls detain,
No taint of sin our spirits know,
To chill or quench their inward glow.

Wherefore, Redeemer, grant that we
Fulfill'd with thine own Light may be :
That, in our course, from day to day,
By no misdeed we fall away.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

27 (L) *Eterna celi gloria*

Eternal Glory of the sky,
Blest hope of frail humanity,
The Father's Sole-begotten One,
Yet born a spotless Virgin's Son !

Uplift us with thine arm of might,
And let our hearts rise pure and bright,
And, ardent in God's praises, pay
The thanks we owe him every day.

The Day-star's rays are glittering clear,
And tell that day itself is near :
The shadows of the night depart ;
Thou, holy Light, illumine the heart !

Within our senses ever dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel :
Long as the days of life endure,
Preserve our souls devout and pure.

The Faith that first must be possess'd,
Root deep within our inmost breast :
And joyous Hope in second place,
Then Charity, thy greatest grace.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

28 (E) *Plasmator hominis Deus*

MAker of men, from heav'n, thy throne,
 Who orderest all things, God alone ;
 By whose decree the teeming earth
 To reptile and to beast gave birth.

The mighty forms that fill the land,
 Instinct with life at thy command,
 Thou gav'st subdued to human-kind
 For service in their rank assign'd.

From all thy servants chase away
 Whate'er of thought impure to-day
 Hath mingled with the heart's intent,
 Or with the actions hath been blent.

In heav'n thine endless joys bestow,
 But grant thy gifts of grace below :
 From chains of strife our souls release,
 Bind fast the gentle bands of peace.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

SATURDAY

29 (M) *Summe Deus clemencie*

O God of mercy passing thought,
Who hast the world contriv'd and wrought :
In Power, Essential Unity,
In Person, Blessed Trinity.

Do thou in love accept these lays
Of mingled penitence and praise :
That we, with hearts without alloy,
Thyself may perfectly enjoy.

Our reins and hearts in pity heal,
And with thy chastening fires anneal :
Gird thou our loins, each passion quell,
And every harmful lust expel.

That we, who now the hours of night
With songs united put to flight,
What gifts the blessed land can give,
May all abundantly receive.

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

30 (L) *Aurora jam spargit polum*

Dawn sprinkles all the East with light;
 Day o'er the earth is gliding bright :
 Morn's glittering rays their course begin;
 Farewell to darkness and to sin.

Each phantom of the night depart,
 Each thought of guilt forsake the heart :
 Let every ill that darkness brought
 Beneath its shade, now come to nought.

So that last morning, dread and great,
 Which we with trembling hope await,
 With blessed light for us shall glow,
 Who chaunt the song we sang below—

Doxology until Candlemas :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

After Candlemas :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT
 AND DAILY UNTIL THE THIRD SUNDAY

31 (E) *Ex more docti mystico*

THE fast, as taught by holy lore,
 We keep in solemn course once more :
 The fast to all men known, and bound
 In forty days of yearly round.

The law and seers that were of old
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which Christ, all seasons' king and guide,
In after ages sanctified.

More sparing therefore let us make
The words we speak, the food we take,
Our sleep and mirth,—and closer barred
Be ev'ry sense in holy guard.

In pray'r together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
And weep before the Judge's feet,
And his avenging wrath entreat.

Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O God, which we deplore :
But pour upon us from on high,
O pardoning One, thy clemency.

Remember thou, though frail we be,
That yet thine handiwork are we :
Nor let the honour of thy Name
Be by another put to shame.

Forgive the sin that we have wrought ;
Increase the good that we have sought :
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please thee here and evermore.

Grant, O thou Blessed Trinity,
Grant, O Essential Unity,
That this our fast of forty days
May work our profit and thy praise. Amen.

32 (M) *Summi Largitor premii*

THou only hope of all below,
 Who dost the full reward bestow :
 Regard thy servants one and all,
 Who unto thee devoutly call.

Our guilty conscience tells that we
 Have grievously offended thee :
 We pray thee, cleanse it by thy grace,
 And every stain of sin efface.

If thou wilt not, who shall condone?
 Send pardon, for 'tis thine alone :
 And grant, O Lord, our pray'rs may be
 By clean hearts offer'd unto thee.

Thus may our fast thy favour gain,
 Who didst this Lenten-tide ordain :
 That meetly we the mystick fare
 Of Paschal Sacraments may share.

This grant us, Blessed Trinity,
 Supreme and wondrous Deity :
 Who, through all ages glorified,
 Dost still one God unchanged abide. Amen.

33 (L) *Audi benigne Conditor*

O Maker of the world, give ear !
 Accept the pray'r and own the tear,
 Toward thy seat of mercy sent
 In this most holy fast of Lent.

Each heart is manifest to thee ;
 Thou knowest our infirmity :
 Forgive thou then each soul that fain
 Would seek to thee, and turn again.

Our sins are manifold and sore,
 But pardon them that sin deplore :
 And, for thy Name's sake, make each soul
 That feels and owns its languor whole.

So mortify we every sense
 By grace of outward abstinence,
 That from each stain and spot of sin,
 The soul may keep her fast within.

Grant, O thou blessed Trinity,
 Grant, O essential Unity,
 That this our fast of forty days
 May work our profit and thy praise. Amen.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

AND DAILY UNTIL PASSION SUNDAY

34 (E) *Ecce tempus idoneum*

LO! now is our accepted day,
 The med'cine purging sin away,
 Where'er our lives have wrought offence,
 By thought and word, by deed and sense.

For God, the merciful and true,
 Hath spared his people hitherto :
 Nor us and ours, with searching eyes,
 Destroy'd for our iniquities.

Him therefore now, with earnest care,
 And contrite fast, and tear and pray'r,
 And works of mercy and of love,
 We pray for pardon from above :

That from pollution making whole,
 With virtues he may deck each soul :
 And join us in the heav'nly place
 To Angel cohorts by his grace.

All blessing to the Father be,
 Like blessing, only Son, to thee;
 Whom with the Spirit we adore,
 Blest Three in One, for evermore. **Amen.**

35 (M) *Clarum decus jejuniis*

From heav'n, in glorious beauty shown,
 The fast to all the world is known,
 Which Christ, who all things made, ordain'd,
 When he from earthly food abstain'd.

Thus Moses dear to God became,
 And fitly did the law proclaim :
 Thus heav'nward was Elias raised,
 On steeds of fire, and wheels that blazed.

Thus Daniel mysteries beheld,
 And rage of fiercest lions quell'd :
 Thus, as the Bridegroom's friend, alone
 Is John in holy lore made known.

O grant us, Lord, like them to try
 The paths of stern austerity :
 Increase our spirit's feeble might
 By kindly gift of heav'n's delight.

May this, O Father, through the Son,
 For thy blest Spirit's sake be done :
 Adored through all eternity,
 In Nature One, in Person Three. **Amen.**

36 (L) *Jesu quadragenarius*

Jesu, the Law and Pattern, whence
 Our forty days of abstinence ;
 Who souls to save, that else had died,
 This sacred fast hast ratified :

That so to Paradise once more,
Might abstinence preserv'd restore
Them that had lost its fields of light,
Through crafty wiles of appetite.

Be present now, be present here,
And mark thy Church's falling tear:
And own the grief that fills her eyes
In mourning her iniquities.

O by thy grace be pardon won
For sins that former years have done:
And let thy mercy guard us still
From crimes that threaten future ill.

That by the fast we offer here,
Our annual sacrifice sincere,
To Paschal gladness at the end,
Set free from guilt, our souls may tend.

May this, O Father, through the Son,
For thy blest Spirit's sake be done:
Adored through all eternity,
In Nature One, in Person Three. Amen.

PASSION SUNDAY

AND DAILY UNTIL WEDNESDAY IN
HOLY WEEK INCLUSIVE

37 (E) *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*

THE Royal Banners forward go;
The Cross shines forth in mystick glow;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
 Life's torrent rushing from his side,
 To wash us in that precious flood
 Where mingled Water flow'd, and Blood.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
 In true prophetick song of old:
 Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
 Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light !
 O Tree with royal purple dight !
 Elect on whose triumphal breast
 Those holy limbs should find their rest.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
 The weight of this world's ransom hung:
 The price of human-kind to pay,
 And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
 This holy Passion-tide, avail
 To give fresh merit to the saint,
 And pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
 Let homage meet by all be done:
 Whom by the Cross thou dost restore,
 Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

38 (M) *Pange lingua gloriosi*

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle
 With completed victory rife:
 And above the Cross's trophy
 Tell the triumph of the strife:
 How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
 By surrendering of his life.

God, his Maker, sorely grieving
 That the first-made Adam fell,
 When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
 Whose reward was death and hell,
 Noted then this Wood, the ruin
 Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our salvation
 Needs would have his order so,
 And the multiform deceiver's
 Art by art would overthrow,
 And from thence would bring the med'cine
 Whence the insult of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
 Of the appointed time was come,
 This world's Maker left his Father,
 Sent the heav'nly Mansion from,
 And proceeded, God Incarnate
 Of the Virgin's holy womb.

To the Trinity be glory
 Everlasting, as is meet :
 Equal to the Father, equal
 To the Son, and Paraclete :
 Trinal Unity, whose praises
 All created things repeat. Amen.

39 (L) *Lustra sex qui jam peracta*

THirty years among us dwelling,
 His appointed time fulfill'd,
 Born for this, he meets his Passion,
 For that this he freely will'd :
 On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
 Where his life-blood shall be spill'd.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
 Vinegar, and spear, and reed :
 From that holy Body broken
 Blood and Water forth proceed :
 Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean
 By that flood from stain are freed.

Faithful Cross ! above all other
 One and only noble tree !
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit thy peers may be :
 Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron !
 Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !
 Thy relaxing sinews bend :
 For awhile the ancient rigour
 That thy birth bestow'd suspend :
 And the King of heav'nly beauty
 On thy bosom gently tend !

Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's ransom to uphold :
 For a shipwreck'd race preparing
 Harbour, like the Ark of old :
 With the sacred Blood anointed
 From the smitten Lamb that roll'd.

To the Trinity be glory
 Everlasting, as is meet :
 Equal to the Father, equal
 To the Son and Paraclete :
 Trinal Unity, whose praises
 All created things repeat. Amen.

¶ *From Maundy Thursday until Low Sunday, no Hymns
 were sung in the Quire-Services, according to Sarum Use.*

LOW SUNDAY

40 [1st E] *Chorus nove Hierusalem*

YE Quires of new Hierusalem!
To sweet new strains attune your theme!
The while we keep, from care released,
With sober joy our Paschal Feast :

When Christ, unconquer'd Lion, first
The dragon's chains by rising burst :
And while with living voice he cries,
The dead of other ages rise.

Engorged in former years, their prey
Must death and hell restore to-day :
And many a captive soul, set free,
With Jesus leaves captivity.

Right gloriously he triumphs now,
Worthy to whom should all things bow :
And joining heav'n and earth again,
Links in one commonweal the twain.

And we, as these his deeds we sing,
His suppliant soldiers, pray our King,
That in his palace, bright and vast,
We may keep watch and ward at last.

Long as unending ages run,
To God the Father laud be done :
To God the Son our equal praise,
And God the holy Ghost, we raise. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung at First Evensong of all Sundays
until Ascension Day.*

4I (M) *Aurora lucis rutilat*

Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky,
 Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry :
 The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
 And groaning hell makes wild reply.

While He, the King of sovran might,
 Treads down death's strength in death's despite,
 And trampling hell by victor's right,
 Brings forth his sleeping saints to light.

Fast barred beneath the stone of late,
 In watch and ward where soldiers wait,
 Now shining in triumphant state,
 He rises victor from death's gate.

Hell's pains are loosed, and tears are fled ;
 Captivity is captive led ;
 The Angel, crown'd with light, hath said,
 'The Lord is risen from the dead.'

The Apostles' hearts were full of pain
 For their dear Lord so lately slain :
 That Lord His servants' wicked train
 With bitter scorn had dared arraign.

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung daily at Mattins until Ascension Day.*

42 (L) *Sermone blando Angelus*

With gentle voice the Angel gave
 The women tidings at the grave :
 'Forthwith your Master shall ye see ;
 He goes before to Galilee.'

And while with fear and joy they press'd
 To tell these tidings to the rest,
 Their Lord, their living Lord, they meet,
 And see his form, and kiss his feet.

The Eleven, when they hear, with speed
 To Galilee forthwith proceed :
 That there they may behold once more
 The Lord's dear face, as oft afore.

In this our bright and Paschal day
 The sun shines out with purer ray :
 When Christ, to earthly sight made plain,
 The glad Apostles see again.

The wounds, the riven wounds he shows,
 In that his Flesh with light that glows,
 With public voice both far and nigh
 The Lord's arising testify.

O Christ, the King, who lov'st to bless,
 Do thou our hearts and souls possess ;
 To thee our praise that we may pay,
 To whom our laud is due, for aye.

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung daily at Lauds until Ascension Day*

43 (2nd E) *Ad cenam Agni providi*

THE Lamb's high banquet we await,
 In snow-white robes of royal state :
 And now, the Red Sea's channel past,
 To Christ, our Prince, we sing at last.

Upon the altar of the Cross
 His Body hath redeem'd our loss :
 And tasting of his roseate Blood,
 Our life is hid with him in God.

That Paschal eve God's arm was bared :
 The devastating Angel spared :
 By strength of hand our hosts went free
 From Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny.

Now Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
 The Lamb of God that knows no stain,
 The true Oblation offer'd here,
 Our own unleavened Bread sincere.

O thou from whom hell's monarch flies,
 O great, O very Sacrifice,
 Thy captive people are set free,
 And endless life restored in thee.

For Christ, arising from the dead,
 From conquer'd hell victorious sped :
 He thrusts the tyrant down to chains,
 And Paradise for man regains.

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung daily at Evensong (except on Saturdays) until Ascension Day.*

ASCENSION DAY

AND DAILY UNTIL WHITSUN DAY

44 (E & M) *Eterne Rex altissime*

ETernal Monarch, King most high,
Whose Blood hath brought redemption nigh,
By whom the death of Death was wrought,
And conquering Grace's battle fought :

Ascending to the throne of might,
And seated at the Father's right,
All power in heav'n is Jesu's own,
That here his Manhood had not known.

That so, in Nature's triple frame,
Each heav'nly and each earthly name,
And things in hell's abyss abhorr'd,
May bend the knee and own him Lord.

Yea, Angels tremble when they see
How changed is our humanity ;
That Flesh hath purged what flesh had stain'd,
And God, the Flesh of God, hath reign'd.

Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward :
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

45 (L) *Tu Christe nostrum gaudium*

O Christ ! thou art our Joy alone,
Exalted on thy glorious throne ;
Who o'er earth's fabrick bearest sway,
Transcending earthly joys for aye.

We suppliants, therefore, ask of thee
 To pardon our iniquity ;
 And of thine own supernal grace
 Uplift our hearts to seek thy face.
 When, cloud-throned 'mid the reddening sky,
 In glory thou, our Judge, art nigh ;
 O then, remitting guilt and pain,
 Restore our long-lost crowns again.
 Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
 Who art to be our great Reward :
 Our glory and our boast in thee
 For ever and for ever be.
 All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
 Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

WHITSUN DAY

46 (1st E & M) *Jam Christus astra ascenderat*

NOW Christ, ascending whence he came,
 Had mounted o'er the starry frame,
 The holy Ghost on man below,
 The Father's promise, to bestow.
 The solemn time was drawing nigh,
 Replete with heav'nly mystery,
 On seven days' seven-fold circles borne,
 That first and blessed Whitsun-morn.
 When the third hour shone all around,
 There came a rushing mighty sound,
 And told the Apostles, while in pray'r,
 That, as was promised, God was there.
 Forth from the Father's light it came,
 That beautiful and kindly flame :
 To fill with fervour of his word
 The spirits faithful to their Lord.

Thou once in every holy breast
 Didst bid indwelling grace to rest :
 This day our sins, we pray, release,
 And in our time, O Lord, give peace.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, praise be done :
 And Christ the Lord upon us pour
 The Spirit's gift for evermore. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung daily at Mattins until Trinity Sunday.*

47 (L) *Impleta gaudent viscera*

With joy the Apostles' breasts are fired,
 By God the holy Ghost inspired :
 And straight, in divers kinds of speech,
 The wondrous works of God they preach.

To men of every race they speak,
 Alike Barbarian, Roman, Greek :
 From the same lips, with awe and fear,
 All men their native accents hear.

But Juda's sons, e'en faithless yet,
 With mad infuriate rage beset,
 To mock Christ's followers combine,
 As drunken all with new-made wine.

When lo ! with signs and mighty deeds,
 Stands Peter in the midst, and pleads ;
 Confounding their malignant lie
 By Joel's ancient prophecy.

Thou once in every holy breast
 Didst bid indwelling grace to rest :
 This day our sins, we pray, release,
 And in our time, O Lord, give peace.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, praise be done :
 And Christ the Lord upon us pour
 The Spirit's gift for evermore. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung daily at Lauds until Trinity Sunday.*

48 (2nd E) *Beata nobis gaudia*

Blest joys for mighty wonders wrought,
 The year's revolving orb hath brought,
 What time the Holy Ghost in flame
 Upon the Lord's disciples came.

The quivering fire their heads bedew'd,
 In cloven tongues' similitude,
 That eloquent their words might be,
 And fervid all their charity.

In varying tongues the Lord they praised :
 The gathering people stood amazed :
 And whom the Comforter Divine
 Inspired, they mock'd, as full of wine.

These things were done in type to-day,
 When Easter-tide had worn away,
 The number told which once set free
 The captive at the Jubilee.

Thy servants, falling on their face,
 Beseech thy mercy, God of grace,
 To send us, from thy heavenly seat,
 The blessings of the Paraclete.

Thou once in every holy breast
 Didst bid indwelling grace to rest :
 This day our sins, we pray, release,
 And in our time, O Lord, give peace.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done :
And Christ the Lord upon us pour
The Spirit's gift for evermore. Amen.

¶ *This Hymn is sung daily at Evensong until Trinity Sunday.*

TRINITY SUNDAY

AND DAILY UNTIL CORPUS CHRISTI

49 (E & M) *Adesto, sancta Trinitas*

BE present, holy Trinity,
Like splendour, and one Deity :
Of things above, and things below,
Beginning, that no end shall know.

Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify :
While Nature, in her triple frame,
For ever sanctifies thy Name.

And we, too, thanks and homage pay,
Thine own adoring flock to-day :
O join to that celestial song
The praises of our suppliant throng !

Light, sole and one, we thee confess,
With triple praise we rightly bless :
And Alpha and Omega own,
With every spirit round thy throne.

To thee, O Unbegotten One,
And thee, O Sole-begotten Son,
And thee, O holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

50 (L) *O Pater sancte*

H Oldest Father, pitifully tender,
 Only-begotten Son, for aye adorèd,
 Spirit of mercy, Paraclete benignest,
 God everlasting !

Trinity holy ! Unity unchanging !
 Godhead essential ! Goodness all unbounded !
 Light of the Angels ! Refuge of the friendless !
 Hope universal !

Duly its service giveth every creature ;
 All thy creation, Lord, in thee rejoiceth :
 We too will hymn thee with our heart's devotion ;
 Graciously hear us.

Mightiest Godhead, unto thee be glory,
 Trinal yet Onely, Infinite and Highest :
 Glory and honour, song and praise besem thee
 Now and for ever. Amen.

CORPUS CHRISTI

AND DAILY DURING THE OCTAVE

51 (E) *Sacris solemniss*

A T this our solemn Feast
 Let holy joys abound ;
 And from the inmost breast
 Let songs of praise resound ;
 Let ancient rites depart,
 And all be new around,
 In ev'ry deed, in voice, in heart.

Remember we that night,
 When, the last Supper spread,
 Christ, as we all believe,
 The lamb, with leavenless bread,

Amongst his brethren shared,
And thus the Law obey'd,
Of old unto their sires declared.

The typick lamb consumed,
The Paschal feast complete,
The Lord unto the Twelve
His Body gave to eat ;
The whole to all, no less
The whole to each, did mete
With his own hands, as we confess.

He gave them, weak and frail,
His Flesh, their food to be ;
On them, downcast and sad,
His Blood bestowed he :
And thus to them he spake,
'Receive this Cup from me,
And all of you of this partake'.

When he this Sacrifice
To institute did will,
He to his Priests alone
That office to fulfil,
On this wise did confide—
To whom pertaineth still,
To take, and to the rest divide.

Lo ! Angels' Bread is made
The Bread of men to-day :
The living Bread from heav'n
With figures doth away :
O wondrous boon indeed !
Though poor and lowly, may
The servant on his Master feed.

Thee therefore we implore,
O Godhead, One in Three,

So may'st thou visit us
 As we now worship thee ;
 And lead us on thy way,
 That we at last may see
 The Light wherein thou dwellest aye. Amen.

52 (M) *Pange lingua gloriosi*

O F the glorious Body telling,
 O my tongue, its mysteries sing ;
 And the Blood, all price excelling,
 Which, for this world's ransoming,
 In a generous womb once dwelling,
 He shed forth—the Gentiles' King.

Given for us, for us descending
 Of a Virgin to proceed,
 Man with man in converse blending,
 Scatter'd he the Gospel seed ;
 Till his sojourn drew to ending,
 Which he closed in wondrous deed.

At the last great Supper seated,
 Circled by his brethren's band,
 All the Law required, completed
 In the feast its statutes planned,
 To the Twelve himself he meted,
 For their food, with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, by Word he maketh
 Very bread his Flesh to be ;
 Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh,
 And if senses fail to see,
 Faith alone the true heart waketh
 To behold the mystery.

Therefore we, before It bending,
 This great Sacrament adore :

Types and shadows have their ending
 In the new Rite evermore :
 Faith, our outward sense amending,
 Maketh good defects before.

Honour, laud, and praise addressing
 To the Father and the Son,
 Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
 And eternal benison ;
 Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
 Equal laud to thee be done. Amen.

53 (L) *Verbum supernum prodiens*

THE Word proceeding from above,
 Yet leaving not the Father's side,
 Went forth upon his work on earth,
 And reach'd at length life's even-tide.

By false disciple to be given
 To foemen for his Blood athirst,
 Himself, the living Bread from heav'n,
 He gave to his disciples first.

To them he gave, in two-fold kind,
 His very Flesh, his very Blood :
 Of two-fold substance man is made,
 And he of man would be the Food.

At birth our Brother he became,
 Our Food, while seated at the board :
 He died our Ransomer to be,
 He reigns to be our great Reward.

O Saving Victim, opening wide
 The gate of heav'n to man below :
 Our foes press on from every side,
 Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

To thy great Name be endless praise,
 Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
 O grant us endless length of days
 In our true native land, with thee. Amen.

FROM THE OCTAVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI
 TILL THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

SATURDAY

54 E) *O Lux beata Trinitas*

O Trinity of blessed light,
 O Unity of princely might,
 The fiery sun now goes his way;
 Shed thou within our hearts thy ray.

To thee our morning song of praise,
 To thee our evening prayer we raise;
 Thy glory suppliant we adore
 For ever and for evermore.

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

SUNDAY

55 (M) *Nocte surgentes*

NOW, from the slumbers of the night arising,
 Chaunt we the holy psalmody of David,
 Hymns to our Master, with our best endeavour,
 Sweetly intoning.

So may our Monarch pitifully hear us,
That we may merit with his Saints to enter
Mansions eternal, therewithal possessing
Joy beatific.

This he vouchsafe us, God for ever blessed,
Father eternal, Son, and holy Spirit,
Whose is the glory, which through all creation
Ever resoundeth. Amen.

56 (L) *Ecce jam noctis*

LO! the dim shadows of the night are waning;
Lightsome and blushing, dawn of day returneth;
Fervent in spirit, to the mighty Father
Pray we devoutly.

So shall our Maker, of his great compassion,
Banish all sickness, kindly health bestowing;
And may he grant us, of a Father's goodness,
Mansions in heaven.

This he vouchsafe us, God for ever blessed,
Father eternal, Son, and holy Spirit,
Whose is the glory, which through all creation
Ever resoundeth. Amen.

(E) *Hymn 13*

THROUGH THE WEEK

(M) *Hymn 55* (L) *Hymn 56*

(E) except on Saturday, *Hymn 13*

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

57 (1st E & M) *Urbs beata Hierusalem*

Bless'd city, heav'nly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilded,
 Art the joy of heav'n above,
 And with angel hosts encircled,
 As a bride to earth dost move.

From celestial realms descending,
 Ready for the nuptial bed,
 Meet for him whose love espous'd thee,
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led :
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
 Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Radiant gleam thy pearly portals,
 Widely flung each ample door,
 Where, by faith and deeds of merit,
 They are entering evermore,
 Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polish'd well those stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly Architect,
 Who therewith hath will'd for ever
 That his Palace should be deck'd.

Glory be to God, and honour
 In the highest as is meet ;
 To the Son as to the Father,
 And th' eternal Paraclete,
 Whose is boundless praise and power
 Throughout ages infinite. Amen.

58 (L & 2nd E) *Angulare fundamentum*

CHrist is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two walls underlying,
Binds them closely into one :
Holy Syon's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody :
God the One, and God the Trinal,
Singing everlastingly.

To this Temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day ;
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
That they supplicate to gain :
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their pray'rs obtain ;
And hereafter in thy glory
With thy blessed ones to reign.

Glory be to God, and honour
In the highest as is meet ;
To the Son as to the Father,
And th' eternal Paraclete,
Whose is boundless praise and power
Throughout ages infinite. Amen.

COMMON OF SAINTS

OF ONE OR MORE APOSTLES OR AN EVANGELIST
OUT OF PASCHAL-TIDE.

59 (1st E & M) *Annue Christe*

M Onarch of ages, Jesu, of thy clemency,
Grant for the merits of *this Saint* so dear to thee,
That we, before thee who have sinned grievously,
May win remission through *his* glorious patronage.

¶ *Here let the special verse proper to the Feast be sung.*

Save, O Redeemer, this thy noble handiwork,
Seal'd with the holy radiance of thy countenance :
Let no foul spirit rend by fraud or subtilty
Them for whose ransom thou hast paid death's penalty.

Pity thy servants, pining in captivity,
Absolve the guilty, raise the fetter'd prisoners :
And thy redeem'd ones, whom thy blood hath purchased,
Grant, King of goodness, joy with thee in Paradise.

To thee, O Jesu, Blessed Lord, for evermore
Be glory, virtue, honour and supremacy :
One with the Father, and the Holy Paraclete,
With whom thou reignest God from all eternity. Amen.

SPECIAL VERSES

S. ANDREW. *Andrea pie*

May Andrew, gentlest of the saintly company,
Implore forgiveness for our grievous trespasses ;
That we, sore burden'd by offences manifold,
At his petition may obtain deliverance.

S. THOMAS. *O Thoma Christi*

May he, who, doubting, probed the Saviour's piercèd side,
Plead— thro' the merits of those wounds adorable,
Whose streams atoning cleans'd the world's iniquity,—
That all the foulness of our guilt be purified.

S. JOHN. *Bina celestis*

Twin lamps, adorning Heaven's eternal palaces !
James, with thy brother John, divine Evangelist !
Entreat that pardon for his lowly suppliants,
Which Christ hath freely promised to the penitent.

CONVERSION OF S. PAUL. *Doctor egregie*

O by thy doctrine, Paul, thou sage illustrious,
Guide us in virtue, raise our spirits heavenwards ;
Till perfect knowledge stream on us abundantly,
And that which only is in part be done away.

S. MATTHIAS. *Matthia juste*

May just Matthias, who by lot was numberèd
With thine Apostles, sharer of their dignity,
By his petitions loose the bands of wickedness,
That we inherit light and joy eternally.

S. JAMES. *Bina celestis*

(as above on the Feast of S. John.)

S. PETER'S CHAINS. *Fam bone pastor*

Peter, good shepherd, may thy ceaseless orisons,
For us prevailing, break the bands of wickedness :
For thou of old time didst receive authority
The gates to open, or to close, of Paradise.

S. BARTHOLOMEW. *Bartolomee cell*

May thy petitions, golden star, Bartholomew,
Whose light the sunbeams far exceeds in brilliancy,
Raise souls beclouded to celestial purity,
And heal the sickness of our guilty consciences.

S. MATTHEW. *Matthee sancte*

May saintly Matthew, high in twofold dignity,
To thee, O Jesu, plead with prayer importunate :
So 'mid life's tempests may thy guidance succour us,
Lest death hereafter whelm us everlastingly.

SS. SIMON & JUDE. *Beate Symon*

May blessed Simon, with Thaddeus glorious,
Regard our weeping, and our sighs of penitence :
And, though our trespass merit endless misery,
Win us an entrance to celestial happiness.

60 (L & 2nd E) *Exultet celum laudibus*

L Et heav'n with Alleluyas ring,
And earth with joy responsive sing :
The Apostles' deeds and high estate
This festal-tide we celebrate.

O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead—
True lights, the world illumining,
Regard the suppliant prayer we bring.

The gates of heaven, at your command,
To all or closed or open stand :

May we, at your august decree,
Be loosed from our iniquity.

The power, of old to you convey'd,
Sickness and health alike obey'd :
May ye our ailing souls once more
To strength and holiness restore.

That Christ, the avenging Judge of doom,
When he at time's last end shall come,
May grant us, for his mercy's sake,
Of joys eternal to partake.

Ordinary Doxology :

All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Christmas-tide :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

OF ONE OR MORE APOSTLES OR AN EVANGELIST

IN PASCHAL-TIDE

6I (1st E & M) *Tristes erant Apostoli*

THe Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain :
That Lord his servants' wicked train
With bitter scorn had dared arraign.

Doxology during Easter-tide :

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Ascension-tide :

Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
 Who art to be our great Reward :
 Our glory and our boast in thee
 For ever and for ever be.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
 Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

62 (L & 2nd E) *Claro paschali gaudio*

IN this our bright and Paschal day
 The sun shines out with purer ray ;
 When Christ, to earthly sight made plain,
 The glad Apostles see again.

The wounds, the riven wounds he shows
 In that his Flesh, with light that glows,
 In loud accord, both far and nigh,
 The Lord's arising testify.

O Christ, the King, who lov'st to bless,
 Do thou our hearts and souls possess :
 To thee our praise that we may pay,
 To whom our laud is due for aye.

Doxology during Easter-tide :

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Ascension-tide :

Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward :
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

OF ONE MARTYR

63 (1st E & M) *Martyr Dei qui unicum*

Martyr of God ! the Only Son
To victory hath led thee on ;
Thine every foe now prostrate lies,
And heav'n accords the victor's prize.

O may thy prayer for us obtain
The cleansing of each guilty stain,
Shield us from sin's contagious blight,
Put life's long weariness to flight.

Now riven are the bonds in twain,
Which did thy saintly limbs enchain :
From us the bonds of earth remove
Through God the Son's redeeming love.

Ordinary Doxology :

All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Christmas-tide :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Paschal-tide :

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

64 (L & 2nd E) *Deus tuorum militum*

O F all thy warrior saints, O Lord,
The portion, crown, and great reward :
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

The pleasures of the world he spurn'd,
From sin's pernicious lures he turn'd :

Accounting them as transient all,
He reach'd at length thy heav'nly hall.

For thee through many a woe he ran,
In many a fight he play'd the man,
For thee his blood was fain to pour,
And thence hath joy for evermore.

We therefore pray thee, full of love,
Regard us from thy throne above :
On this thy Martyr's triumph-day,
Wash every stain of sin away.

Ordinary Doxology :

O Christ, most loving King, to thee,
With God the Father, glory be :
Like glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Christmas-tide :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Paschal-tide :

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

OF MANY MARTYRS

65 (1st E & M) *Sanctorum meritis*

THe merits of the Saints,
Blessed for evermore,
Their love that never faints,
The toils they bravely bore—
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay—
These victors win the noblest bay.

They whom this world of ill,
While it yet held, abhor'd ;
Its withering flowers that still
They spurn'd with one accord—
They knew them short-lived all,
And follow'd at thy call,
King Jesu, to thy heav'nly hall.

For thee all pangs they bare,
Fury and mortal hate,
The cruel scourge to tear,
The hook to lacerate :
But vain their foes' intent ;
For, every torment spent,
Their valiant spirits stood unbent.

Like sheep their blood they pour'd ;
And without groan or tear,
They bent before the sword
For that their King most dear :
Their souls, serenely blest,
In patience they possess,
And look'd in hope towards their rest.

What tongue may here declare,
 Fancy or thought descry,
 The joys thou dost prepare
 For these thy Saints on high?
 Empurpled in the flood
 Of their victorious blood,
 They won the laurel from their God.

To thee, O Lord most high,
 One in Three Persons still,
 To pardon us we cry,
 And to preserve from ill :
 Here give thy servants peace,
 Hereafter glad release,
 And pleasures that shall never cease. Amen.

66 (L & 2nd E) *Rex gloriose Martyrum*

O Glorious King of Martyr hosts,
 Thou Crown that each Confessor boasts :
 Who ledest to celestial day
 Those who have cast earth's joys away.

Thine ear in mercy, Saviour, lend,
 While unto thee our prayers ascend :
 And as we count their triumphs won,
 Forgive the sins that we have done.

Martyrs in thee their triumphs gain,
 From thee Confessors grace obtain :
 O'ercome in us the lust of sin,
 That we thy pardoning love may win.

Ordinary Doxology :

All laud to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee ;
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Christmas-tide :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

OF A CONFESSOR

67 (1st E & M) *Iste Confessor*

THIS the Confessor of the Lord, whose triumph
 Now all the faithful celebrate, with gladness
 Erst on this feast-day merited to enter
 Into his glory.

Saintly and prudent, modest in behaviour,
 Peaceful and sober, chaste was he, and lowly,
 While that life's vigour, coursing through his members,
 Quicken'd his being.

Sick ones of old time to his tomb resorting,
 Sorely by ailments manifold afflicted,
 Oft-times have welcomed health & strength returning,
 At his petition.

Whence we in chorus gladly do him honour,
 Chaunting his praises with devout affection,
 That in his merits we may have a portion
 Now and for ever.

His be the glory, power, and salvation,
 Who over all things reigneth in the highest,
 Earth's mighty fabrick ruling and directing,
 Onely and Trinal. Amen.

68 (L & 2nd E) *Jesu, Redemptor omnium*

Jesu ! the world's Redeemer, hear ;
 Thy Prelates' fadeless Crown, draw near :
 Accept with gentlest love to-day
 The prayers and praises that we pay.

This meek Confessor of thy Name
 To-day attain'd a glorious fame ;
 Whose yearly feast, in solemn state,
 Thy faithful people celebrate.

The world and all its boasted good,
 As vain and passing, he eschew'd ;
 And therefore with Angelick bands,
 In endless joy for ever stands.

Grant then that we, most gracious God,
 May follow in the steps he trod :
 And at his prayer thy servants free
 From stain of all iniquity.

Ordinary Doxology :

To thee, O Christ, our loving King,
 All glory, praise, and thanks we bring :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. **Amen.**

Doxology during Christmas-tide :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. **Amen.**

Doxology during Easter-tide :

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect,

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Ascension-tide :

Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
 Who art to be our great Reward :
 Our glory and our boast in thee
 For ever and for ever be.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
 Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

OF A VIRGIN

69 (1st E & M) *Virginis proles*

CHild of a Virgin, Maker of thy Mother,
 Born of a Maiden, as of Maid conceived,
 While we a Virgin's triumphs are rehearsing,
 Hear our petition.

She, thine own maiden, double blessing winneth,
 Striving to vanquish all her nature's weakness,
 E'en by that weakness o'er a world of bloodshed
 Victory gaining.

Death and its terrors undismay'd beholding,
 Death's cruel handmaid, torture, she despiseth ;
 Shedding her life-blood, meet is she to enter
 Holiest heaven.

God ever-loving, as for us she pleadeth,
 Pity our failings, all our sins forgiving :
 Thus shall re-echo pure and heart-felt praises
 Unto thine honour.

Praise to the Father, to the Sole-begotten,
And the blest Spirit, with the twain co-equal,
One only Godhead, who throughout the ages
Reigneth for ever. Amen.

70 (L & 2nd E) *Jesu corona Virginum*

Jesu, the Virgins' Crown, do thou
Accept us as in prayer we bow :
Born of that Virgin, whom alone
The Mother and the Maid we own.

Among the lilies thou dost feed,
By Virgin quires accompanied—
With glory deck'd, the spotless brides
Whose bridal gifts thy love provides.

They, wheresoe'er thy footsteps bend,
With hymns and praises still attend :
In blessed troops they follow thee,
With dance, and song, and melody.

We pray thee therefore to bestow
Upon our senses here below
Thy grace, that so we may endure
From taint of all corruption pure.

Ordinary Doxology :

All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology during Christmas-tide :

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

PROPER OF SAINTS

Nov. 30

S. ANDREW, AP. M.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Dec. 6

S. NICHOLAS, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Dec. 8

CONCEPTION OF THE B. V. MARY

71 (1st & 2nd E) *Ave, maris stella!*

AVe, Star of ocean !
Child divine who barest ;
Mother, ever-Virgin,
Heaven's Portal fairest.

Greet us with the welcome
Erst by Gabriel spoken ;
Eva changed to *Ave*
Be of peace the token.

Plead for captives freedom,
Light on blindness pouring ;
Guard from every evil,
Every bliss imploring.

Christ of thee hath deignèd
To be born, our Brother ;
Spread our plea before him,
Ask, as asks a Mother.

Virgin, all excelling,
Passing meek and holy ;
Teach us thee to follow,
Gentle, chaste, and lowly.

In pure paths direct us
On life's journey faring,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
In thy gladness sharing.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise and blessing. Amen.

72 (M) *Quem terra, pontus, ethera*

THe God whom earth, and sea, and sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify ;
Who o'er their threefold fabrick reigns,
The Virgin's spotless womb contains.

The God, whose will by moon and sun
And all things in due course is done,
Is borne upon a Maiden's breast,
By fullest heav'nly grace possess'd.

How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The great Artificer divine,
Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
Vouchsafed, as in his ark to lie.

Blest, in the message Gabriel brought ;
Blest, by the work the Spirit wrought ;
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

73 (L) *O gloriosa femina*

○ Glorious Lady ! throned on high
 Above the star-illumin'd sky ;
 Thereto ordain'd, thy bosom lent
 To thy Creator nourishment.

Through thy sweet Offspring we receive
 The bliss once lost through hapless Eve ;
 And heav'n to mortals open lies
 Now thou art Portal of the skies.

Thou art the Door of heav'n's high King,
 Light's Gateway fair and glistering ;
 Life through a Virgin is restored ;
 Ye ransom'd nations, praise the Lord !

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Dec. 13

S. LUCY, V. M.

As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68

Dec. 21

S. THOMAS, AP. M.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Jan. 18

S. PRISCA, V. M.

*As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68**No 2nd E.*

Jan. 20

SS. FABIAN & SEBASTIAN, MM.

*As for the Common of many Martyrs, p. 64**No 2nd E.*

Jan. 21

S. AGNES, V. M.

*As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68**No 2nd E.*

Jan. 22

S. VINCENT, D. M.

(1st E & M) *Hymn 63*74 (L & 2nd E) *Christi miles gloriosus*

FOR his Lord a soldier glorious,
 Vincent, deacon blest, behold !
 Pyre of death is his tribunal,
 Which he mounteth, fain and bold,
 While the crackling flames his body,
 Sprinkled o'er with salt, enfold.

Lo ! from glowing embers, quicken'd
 By the Martyr's blood, they rise ;
 Fierce the torment, yet God's servant
 Beareth all in dauntless wise,
 Unto Christ in supplication
 Turning with uplifted eyes.

Glory be to God, and honour
 In the highest, as is meet ;
 To the Son as to the Father,
 And th' eternal Paraclete ;
 Whose is boundless praise and power
 Throughout ages infinite. Amen.

Jan. 25

CONVERSION OF S. PAUL

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Feb. 2

PURIFICATION OF THE B. V. MARY

75 (1st E) *Quod chorus vatam*

THat which the Prophets' reverend assembly
 Chaunted of old time, guided by the Spirit,
 Now is in Mary, God's own spotless Mother,
 Fully completed.

She, a pure Maiden, wondrously conceiving,
 Bare the Almighty Lord of earth and heaven ;
 And after bearing, meetly she abideth
 Ever a Virgin.

Him in God's temple, Symeon the aged,
 Fondly embracing, in his arms upholdeth,
 Joying devoutly that his eyes have seen him—
 Christ, the Expected.

Mary, fair Mother of the King eternal,
 Now as thy children pray'rfully intreat thee,
 Raise thy petitions, throned where thou abidest,
 Radiant in glory.

Glory and worship be to God Almighty,
 Endless salvation, everlasting honour,
 One in Three Persons, in the heights of heaven
 Reigning for ever. Amen.

(M) *Hymn 72*

(L) *Hymn 73*

76 (2nd E) *Letabundus*

Come, ye faithful,
 Loud exult, with joy exceeding,
 Alleluya !
 Monarchs' Monarch,
 From a Virgin-womb proceeding,
 Mighty wonder !

Angel of the Counsel, here,
 Sun from star, he doth appear,
 Born of Maiden :
 Sun that never knoweth night,
 Star for ever gleaming bright,
 Lustrous ever.

As a star its kindred ray,
 Mary doth her Child display,
 Like in nature :
 Still undimmed the star shines on,
 And the Virgin bears a Son,
 Pure as ever.

Lebanon his cedar tall
 To the hyssop of the wall
 Now conformeth :
 Word on high, he doth assume
 Human flesh in Mary's womb,
 God incarnate.

PROPER OF SAINTS

Though Esaias had foreshewn,
 Though the Synagogue had known,
 Yet the truth she will not own,
 Blind remaining :
 If her Prophets speak in vain,
 Let her heed a Gentile strain,
 And from mystick Sibyl gain
 Light in darkness.

No longer then delay ;
 Doubt not what legends say ;
 Why be cast away,
 A race forlorn ?
 Turn and this Child behold—
 That very Son of old
 In God's writ foretold,
 A Maid hath borne. Amen.

¶ *In Septuagesima, instead of the above is sung Hymn 75*

Feb. 3

S. BLAISE, BP. M.

(M) *Hymn 63* (L) *Hymn 64*

No 2nd E.

Feb. 5

S. AGATHA, V. M.

As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68

Feb. 14

S. VALENTINE, BP. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

No 2nd E.

S. MATTHIAS ETC.

77

Feb. 24 (*in Leap-Year* Feb. 25)

S. MATTHIAS, AP. M.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

March 1

S. DAVID, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

No 2nd E.

March 2

S. CHAD, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

March 7

SS. PERPETUA & FELICITAS, MM.

(1st E & M) *Hymn 70* (L) *Hymn 66*

No 2nd E.

March 12

S. GREGORY, BP. C. D.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

March 18

S. EDWARD, K. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

March 21

S. BENEDICT, AB. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

March 25

ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY

As on the Feast of the Conception, p. 70

April 3

S. RICHARD, BP. C.

*As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66**No 2nd E.*

April 4

S. AMBROSE BP. C. D.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

April 19

S. ALPHEGE, ABP. M.

*As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61**No 2nd E.*

April 23

S. GEORGE, M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

April 25

S. MARK, EV. M.

As for the Common of Apostles in Paschal-tide, p. 59

May 1

SS. PHILIP & JAMES, APP. MM.

As for the Common of Apostles in Paschal-tide, p. 59

May 3

INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS

77 (1st E) *Impleta sunt que concinit*

FULfill'd is all that David told
 In true prophetick song of old :
 Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
 Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light !
 O Tree with royal purple dight !
 Elect on whose triumphal breast
 Those holy limbs should find their rest.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
 The weight of this world's ransom hung :
 The price of human-kind to pay,
 And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
 This holy Festival, avail
 To give fresh merit to the saint,
 And pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
 Let homage meet by all be done :
 Whom by the Cross thou dost restore,
 Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

(M) *Hymn 38*78 (L & 2nd E) *Crux fidelis*

Faithful Cross ! above all other
 One and only noble tree !
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit thy peers may be :
 Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron !
 Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

PROPER OF SAINTS

Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's ransom to uphold ;
 For a shipwreck'd race preparing
 Harbour, like the Ark of old ;
 With the sacred Blood anointed
 From the smitten Lamb that roll'd.

To the Trinity be glory
 Everlasting, as is meet ;
 Equal to the Father, equal
 To the Son and Paraclete :
 Trinal Unity, whose praises
 All created things repeat. Amen.

May 6

S. JOHN BEFORE THE LATIN GATE

As for the Common of Apostles in Paschal-tide, p. 59

May 19

S. DUNSTAN, ABP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

May 26

S. AUGUSTINE, ABP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

May 27

VEN. BEDE, P. C.

(M) *Hymn 67* (L) *Hymn 68*

No 2nd E.

June 1

S. NICOMEDE, P. M.

*As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61**No 2nd E.*

June 5

S. BONIFACE AND HIS COMPANIONS, MM.

*As for the Common of many Martyrs, p. 64**No 2nd E.*

June 11

S. BARNABAS, AP. M.

*As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56**(If in Paschal-tide, p. 59)*

June 20

TRANSLATION OF S. EDWARD, K. M.

*As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61**No 2nd E.*

June 22

S. ALBAN, M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

June 24

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST

79 (1st & 2nd E) *Ut queant laxis*

O For thy spirit, holy John, to chasten
 Lips sin-polluted, fetter'd tongues to loosen;
 So by thy children might thy deeds of wonder
 Meetly be chaunted.

Lo ! a swift herald, from the skies descending,
 Bears to thy father promise of thy greatness ;
 How he shall name thee, what thy future story,
 Duly revealing.

Scarcely believing message so transcendent,
 Him for a season power of speech forsaketh,
 Till, at thy wondrous birth, again returneth
 Voice to the voiceless.

Thou, in thy mother's womb all darkly cradled,
 Knewest thy Monarch, biding in his chamber,
 Whence the two parents, through their children's merits,
 Mysteries utter'd.

Now as the Angels celebrate thy praises,
 Godhead essential, Trinity co-equal ;
 Spare thy redeem'd ones, as they bow before thee,
 Pardon imploring. Amen.

80 (M)

Antra deserti

THou, in thy childhood, to the desert caverns
 Fleddest for refuge from the cities' turmoil,
 Where the world's slander might not dim thy lustre,
 Lonely abiding.

Camel's hair raiment clothed thy saintly members ;
 Leathern the girdle which thy loins encircled ;
 Locusts and honey, with the fountain-water,
 Daily sustain'd thee.

Oft in past ages, seers with hearts expectant
 Sang the far-distant advent of the Day-Star ;
 Thine was the glory, as the world's Redeemer
 First to proclaim him.

Far as the wide world reacheth, born of women,
 Holier was there none than John the Baptist;
 Meetly in water laving him who cleanseth
 Man from pollution.

Now as the Angels celebrate thy praises,
 Godhead essential, Trinity co-equal;
 Spare thy redeem'd ones, as they bow before thee,
 Pardon imploring. Amen.

81 (L) *O nimis felix*

O More than blessed, merit high attaining,
 Pure as the snow-drift, innocent of evil,
 Child of the desert, mightiest of martyrs,
 Greatest of prophets.

Thirty-fold increase some with glory crowneth;
 Sixty-fold fruitage prize for others winneth;
 Hundred-fold measure, thrice repeated, decks thee,
 Blest one, for guerdon.

O may the virtue of thine intercession,
 All stony hardness from our hearts expelling,
 Smooth the rough places, and the crooked straighten
 Here in the desert.

Thus may our gracious Maker and Redeemer,
 Seeking a station for his hallow'd footsteps,
 Find, when he cometh, temples undefiled,
 Meet to receive him.

Now as the Angels celebrate thy praises,
 Godhead essential, Trinity co-equal;
 Spare thy redeem'd ones, as they bow before thee,
 Pardon imploring. Amen.

June 29

SS. PETER & PAUL, APP. MM.

82 (E & M)

Aurea luce

With golden splendour, and with roseate loveliness,
 Thou didst illumine, Light of Light, the universe;
 The heav'ns adorning with a glorious martyrdom,
 This day, which bringeth pardon to the penitent.

Celestial Warder ! earth's Instructor eloquent !
 The world's dread judges, lights mankind enlightening,
 By cross triumphant, by the sword victorious,
 Now are ye laurell'd, Life's immortal senators.

Peter, good shepherd, may thy ceaseless orisons,
 For us prevailing, break the bands of wickedness :
 For thou of old time didst receive authority
 The gates to open, or to close, of Paradise.

O by thy doctrine, Paul, thou sage illustrious,
 Guide us in virtue, raise our spirits heavenwards ;
 Till perfect knowledge stream on us abundantly,
 And that which only is in part be done away.

Twin olive-branches, one in holy fellowship,
 Join your petitions, that, the body mortified,
 We all may daily grow in faith unwavering,
 In hope courageous, doubly fill'd with charity.

Glory eternal to the Blessed Trinity,
 With laud and honour, virtue and supremacy,
 Trinal yet Onely, reigning in his majesty,
 Both now and ever, through the ages infinite. Amen.

(L) *Hymn 60*

June 30

COMMEMORATION OF S. PAUL, AP. M.

(M) *Hymn 59 (with special verse as for the Feast of the Conversion).* (L) *Hymn 60.*

July 2

VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY

83 (E) *Festum Matris gloriose*

Now the glorious Mother's feast-day
 Let the faithful celebrate,
 For the grace of love's devotion
 Praying all importunate,—
 Love, which Mary's aged cousin
 Felt in measure passing great.

Fain to her who long was barren
 Doth the fruitful Maid repair;
 She, who in her secret bosom
 Doth eternal Godhead bear,
 Her accosts with gratulation,
 Who her saving grace doth share.

Lo, that Voice, yet mute, exulteth
 As the mighty Word draws nigh,
 And Elizabeth confesseth
 Mary's greater dignity,
 Whom she passing blest declareth
 In her Fruit eternally.

'What may this congratulation,'
 Meek she asks, 'forebode to me?
 What this gracious salutation
 Of the King's own Mother be?
 And this wondrous exultation
 Of mine unborn progeny?'

Forth a joyous strain proceedeth
 From the Maiden thus addrest,
 Praising him who grace bestoweth
 In the meek and lowly breast;
 Telling how all generations
 Shall from henceforth call her blest.

Triune God, supreme and gracious,
 Everlasting in thy reign,
 Grant that Mary's intercession
 May for us thy help obtain,
 That this weary life completed,
 Life eternal we may gain. Amen.

84 (M) *Mundi salus affutura*

PORTAL of the world's Salvation,
 Mary, Mother high in fame,
 Maiden, meek of mien and gesture,
 Fair in form, and void of blame,
 O'er the mountain-ways of Iuda
 With her heavenly Burthen came.

She, the serpent's head who bruiseth,
 Bush unburnt by Horeb's flame,
 Gideon's fleece which heav'n bedeweth,
 Rod that tells of Aaron's fame,
 Of the Bridegroom spouse beloved,
 Undefined is her name.

She the Branch of Iesse blooming,
 Mother of Emmanuel,
 Portal closed to man for ever,
 Told of by Ezekiel;
 Mount, before whose Stone the image
 Crush'd, in Daniel's vision, fell.

Thus on earth was wrought a marvel,
By the love divine ordain'd ;
Him from whom the world proceeded,
Hath a Virgin's womb contain'd ;
Earth brings forth the promised Saviour,
Righteousness from heav'n hath rain'd.

Virgin sweet, she ever gloweth
With the fire of charity,
Kinship's pure embrace returning
By a gentle ministry,
Waiting for the Birth mysterious
In her gladness patiently.

Blessed was that priestly dwelling,
Honour'd by so great a Guest ;
Blessed she whose love abounding
Bade her cousin share her rest ;
But of Jesus, John surpassing,
Be the higher grade confess'd.

Glory be to God the Father,
Ruler of the world's array :
Glory unto thee, Redeemer,
Fount of grace, thy servants pay :
And to thee, Creator Spirit,
Equal laud be done for aye. Amen.

July 4

TRANSLATION OF S. MARTIN, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

July 7

TRANSLATION OF S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY,

ABP. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

July 15

TRANSLATION OF S. SWYTHIN, BP. C.

AND HIS COMPANIONS

(1st E & M) *Hymn 65 (omitting the 3rd, 4th & 5th verses).*(L & 2nd E) *Hymn 66.*

July 20

S. MARGARET, V. M.

As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68

July 22

S. MARY MAGDALEN

85 (1st E) *Collaudemus Magdalene*

Sing we now the praise of Mary,
 All her tears, her joy, her love ;
 High in laud we raise our voices,
 While our hearts accordant move ;
 So the nightingale descanteth
 Sweetly to the plaintive dove.

Nought the number of the feasters,
 Seeking Jesus, did she fear ;
 She her Master's feet anointed,
 Wash'd them with the falling tear,
 Wiped them with her tresses, gaining
 Pardon through her love sincere.

Lo, the cleans'd doth wash the Cleanser,
 Stream to Fountain floweth fain ;
 Balm that from the flower distilleth,
 Fragrance sheds on flower again ;
 And the dew from earth ascendeth
 To the heav'n that gave the rain.

Spikenard in the alabaster
 Is her offering pure and rare ;
 She, in pouring of the ointment,
 Doth a mystick sign declare ;
 Sick, anointeth her Physician,
 To receive his healing care.

Gazed the Lord with special favour
 Down on Mary tenderly ;
 Much she loves ; her sins, though many,
 Have forgiveness full and free ;
 On the Resurrection-morning
 She shall Jesu's herald be.

Glory be to God, and honour,
 Who, true Paschal Sacrifice,
 Lamb in death, in strife a Lion,
 Did the third day Victor rise,
 And the spoils of death, as trophies,
 Bare triumphant to the skies. Amen.

86 (M) *Estimavit hortolanum*

AS the gardener him addressing,
 Well and rightly she believed :
 He, the Sower, gave his blessing
 To the seed her heart received ;
 Not at first his form confessing,
 Soon his voice her soul perceived.

She beheld, as yet not knowing,
 In the mystical disguise,
 Christ, who in her breast was sowing
 Deep and heavenly mysteries ;
 Till his voice, her name bestowing,
 Bade her hear and recognise.

She to Jesus Jesus weepeth,—
 Of her Lord removed complains ;
 Jesus in her breast she keepeth ;
 Jesus seeks, yet still retains :
 He that soweth, he that reapeth
 All her heart, unknown remains.

Why, kind Jesu, why thus hiding,
 When thyself thou would'st reveal ?
 Why, in Mary's breast abiding,
 From her love thyself conceal ?
 Why, true Light in her residing,
 Can she not its radiance feel ?

Oh, how strangely thou eludest
 Souls that on thee have believed ;
 But eluding, ne'er deludest,
 Nor deceiving, nor deceived :
 But including, still excludest,
 Fully known, yet not perceived.

Laud to thee, and praise for ever,
 Life, hope, light of every soul !
 Through thy merits may we never
 Be inscribed in death's dark roll,
 But with Mary's true endeavour
 All our sins, like her, condole. Amen.

87 (L & 2nd E) *O Maria, noli flere*

WEep not, Mary, weep no longer,
 Nor another seek to find ;
 Here indeed the Gardener standeth,
 Gardener of the thirsty mind :
 In the spirit's inner garden
 Seek that Gardener ever kind.

Whence thy grief and lamentation ?
Lift, faint soul, thy heart on high ;
Seek not memory's consolation,
Jesus whom thou lov'st is nigh :
Dost thou seek thy Lord ? thou hast him,
Though unseen by human eye.

Whence thy sorrow, whence thy weeping
True the joy thou hast within ;
Undiscern'd abides within thee
Balm to heal the wounds of sin :
Tis within, why, vainly roving,
Seek disease's medicine ?

'Tis no wonder if thy Master
Pass thy knowledge while he sows ;
For his seed, the word eternal,
Unto fulness in thee grows ;
'Mary,' saith he,—thou, 'Rabboni,'—
And the soul her Saviour knows.

Thou didst wash the feet of Jesus,
Thee the Fount of grace did lave ;
May we, by that dew's refreshment,
Which to thee remission gave,
Share his glory, whom thou sawest,
Risen a Victor from the grave.

Glory be to God, and honour,
Who did Mary's tearful plea
Prize more highly than the banquet
Of the wealthy Pharisee :
Sinners, here his grace foretasting,
Sharers of Life's feast may be. Amen.

July 25

S. JAMES, AP. M.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

July 26

S. ANNA, MOTHER OF THE B. V. MARY

88 (M) *In Anne puerperio*

With Anna's joy at Mary's birth,
 Night from the world for ever fled;
 And gladsome day through all the earth
 Its radiance o'er God's people shed.

'Tis Jesse's Root which here hath bloom'd,
 A Root which never guile could blight,
 Whose goodly Scion hath illumed
 The souls that dwelt in shades of night.

O gentle lowly mother ! thou
 Whose womb the spotless Mary bore,
 We, whom a load of sin doth bow,
 Thy prayers for our relief implore.

Thou, conflict o'er, in bliss most pure
 Dost with the Judge Supreme abide:
 Blest mother, may thine aid ensure
 That we may live in peaceful tide.

That we, whate'er in days gone by
 Our souls have known of sinful stain,
 May, through the mercy from on high,
 Be, at thy pleading, pure again.

To God, the Blessed One in Three,
 The tribute of our praise we yield:
 May he, at holy Anna's plea,
 In death's dread hour his children shield. Amen.

89 (E) *Ave, mater Anna!*

Anna, mother farrest !
 Stem that honey barest ;
 Matron Saint, excelling
 All in wedlock dwelling.

Hail ! whose daughter lowly
 Bare the Child most holy,
 Who the heaven o'erswayeth,
 Whom the earth obeyeth.

Whoso gladly blesseth
 And thy worth confesseth,
 Christ's almighty power
 Him with bliss shall dower.

Be thy prayer prevailing,
 Made with power unfailing,
 That we find eternal
 Joy in realms supernal.

Thou, who Mary barest,
 Her petition sharest :
 Christ that pleading prizeth,
 Which from both ariseth.

Three in One we bless Thee ;
 One in Three, confess thee ;
 Laud to Father raising,
 Son and Spirit praising. Amen.

Aug. 1

S. PETER'S CHAINS

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Aug. 6

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD

90 (1st E) *Celestis formam glorie*

A Type of those bright rays on high,
 For which the Church hopes longingly,
 Christ on the holy mountain shows,
 Where brighter than the sun he glows.

Tale for all ages to declare ;
 For with the three disciples there,
 Where Moses and Elias meet,
 The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

The chosen witnesses stand nigh,
 Of Grace, the Law, and Prophecy :
 And from the cloud the Holy One
 Bears record to the Only Son.

With face more bright than noon-tide ray,
 Christ deigns to manifest to-day
 What glory shall be theirs above,
 Who joy in God with perfect love.

And faithful hearts are raised on high
 By this great vision's mystery ;
 For which in yearly course we raise
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

Thou Father,—thou, eternal Son,
 Thou, holy Spirit, Three in One,
 To this same glory bring us nigh,
 That we may see thee eye to eye. **Amen.**

91 (M)

O Sator rerum

AUthor of all things, Christ, the world's Redeemer,
 Monarch of Monarchs, judgement's dread Awarder,
 Now to our praises, as to our petitions,
 Graciously hearken.

While the night fleeteth, we our votive anthems
 Frame to thine honour ; grant that they may please thee ;
 And as we hymn thee, Source of Light eternal,
 Ever refresh us.

Sunlike thy visage shone with rays of splendour,
 Brightly thy raiment gleam'd with snowy whiteness,
 When mid the Prophets, Moses and Elias,
 Thou wast transfigured.

Then did the Father own thee Sole-begotten ;
 Thou art the glory of the holy Angels ;
 Thee, the Way, Virtue, Life, the world's Salvation,
 Ever confess we.

Glory and power be to thee, Creator,
 Who alone all things rulest and controll'est,
 Throned in thy kingdom, Monarch everlasting,
 Trinal and Onely. Amen.

92 (L) *O nata Lux de Lumine*

O Light, which from the Light hast birth,
 Jesu, Redeemer of the earth,
 Thy suppliant flock vouchsafe to spare,
 Nor spurn their gift of praise and prayer.

Thou who, for lost transgressors' sake,
 Didst not disdain our flesh to take,
 O grant that living members we
 Of that thy Body blest may be.

Beyond the sun thine aspect bright ;
 Thy raiment as the snowdrift white :
 To chosen witnesses made known,
 Thy Godhead on the mount was shown.

Seers, from their children's eyes conceal'd,
 To thy disciples stood reveal'd ;
 On each thou didst thy power bestow
 Thee as eternal God to know.

The Father, from his heav'nly throne,
 Proclaim'd thee his Anointed Son,
 And we with faithful hearts no less,
 Thee, King of glory, aye confess.

May we Thy splendour day by day
 In innocence of life display ;
 And thus to joys beyond the skies
 In holy converse heav'nward rise,

Eternal God, of kings the King,
 To thee our hymns of praise we bring :
 Who, Threefold Deity, alone
 Dost reign to endless ages One. Amen.

No 2nd E.

Aug. 7

THE MOST SWEET NAME OF JESUS

93 (E) *Exultet cor precordiis*

L Et every heart exulting beat
 With joy at Jesu's Name of bliss :
 With every pure delight replete,
 And passing sweet its musick is.

'Jesus' the comfortless consoles,
 'Jesus' each sinful fever quells,
 'Jesus' the hosts of hell controls,
 'Jesus' each deadly foe repels.

'Jesus !' how sweetly doth it sound
 In every measure, prose, or psalm :
 It makes each quick'ning bosom bound,
 And soothes us with divinest calm.

Far let that Name exalted ring ;
 On every tongue let 'Jesus' be :
 Let heart and voice together sing
 The Name that cures each malady.

Jesu, the sinner's health, abide
 With us, and hearken to our prayer ;
 The frail and erring wanderer guide,
 The penitent transgressor spare.

Be thy dear Name our sure defence,
In every peril be our stay ;
And, purging us from sin's offence,
Perfect us in the better way.

O Christ, all glory be to thee,
Resplendent with this Name divine ;
All honour, worship, majesty,
Dear Lord, for evermore be thine.

O Jesu, born of spotless Maid,
To thee all praise and glory be :
Like glory to the Sire be paid,
And holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

94 (M) *Jesu, dulcis memoria*

Jesu ! the very thought is sweet ;
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
But O than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of his Presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this ;
No name is heard more full of bliss ;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesu ! the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek thee, O how kind !
But what art thou to them that find ?

Jesu, thou sweetness pure and blest,
Life's Fountain, Light of souls distress'd ;
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires.

No tongue of mortals can express,
No letters write its blessedness :
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

O Jesu, King of wondrous might !
 O Victor, glorious from the fight !
 Sweetness that may not be express'd,
 And altogether loveliest.

Remain with us, O Lord, to-day ;
 In every heart thy grace display :
 That, now the shades of night are fled,
 On thee our spirits may be fed.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

95 (L) *Jesu, Auctor clemencie*

Jesu ! of mercy Source alone,
 Thee, Hope of all our joy, we own ;
 Who Fount of grace and beauty art,
 The true delight of every heart.

O Jesu, Pride of Angel-host,
 O Song, the ear that charmeth most,
 To lips as honey, wondrous fine,
 To heart as nectar, all-divine.

O Jesu, Flower of Mother-Maid,
 As honey-comb to man display'd :
 The glory of the world below,
 Thy light's true light on us bestow.

Than sun-ray more serenely calm,
 More fragrant than the breath of balm
 Sweeter than sweetness' self can be,
 And lovelier than all else to see.

Jesu, who highest bounty art,
 And wondrous joyaunce of the heart,
 Of goodness the infinity,
 Knit us in bond of love to thee,

O King of virtues, King renown'd,
 With glory and with victory crown'd !
 Jesu, who dost all grace supply,
 The worship of the courts on high.

The Quires above thy praise proclaim,
 And echo all thy matchless fame :
 Jesus on joyful earth hath smiled,
 And us to God hath reconciled.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Aug. 10

S. LAURENCE, D. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

Aug. 15

ASSUMPTION OF THE B. V. MARY

96 (1st E) *O quam glorifica*

O With what glorious lustre thou shinest,
 Daughter of royalty, David's descendant !
 Thronèd in majesty, Mary the Virgin,
 Thou 'mid the blessed ones sittest exalted.

Keeping thy virginal honour unspotted
 E'en in thy motherhood, chastely thou gavest
 Shrine for the Holy One, Lord of the Angels ;
 Thus in humanity God was incarnate ;

Whom the whole universe lowly adoreth,
 Duly on bended knee tendering homage :
 We on thy festival pray him to grant us
 Light and felicity, darkness dispelling.

This, of thy clemency, Father of glory,
Grant through thine only Son, who, with the Spirit,
Evermore one with thee liveth and reigneth
In the bright firmament, ordering all things. Amen.

(M) *Hymn 72* (L) *Hymn 73* (2nd E) *Hymn 76*
¶ *During the Octave, and on the Octave Day, (E) 96*

Aug. 24

S. BARTHOLOMEW, AP. M.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Aug. 28

S. AUGUSTIN, BP. C. D.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Aug. 29

DECOLLATION OF S. JOHN BAPTIST

(M) *Hymn 63* (L & 2nd E) *Hymn 64*

Sept. 1

S. GILES, AB. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Sept. 7

S. EVURTIUS, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

No 2nd E,

Sept. 8

NATIVITY OF B. V. MARY

(1st E) *Hymn 71*

(M) *Hymn 72* (L) *Hymn 73* (2nd E) *Hymn 76*

¶ *During the Octave, and on the Octave Day, (E) 71*

Sept. 14

EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

As on the Feast of the Invention, p. 79

Sept. 17

S. LAMBERT, BP. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

No 2nd E.

Sept. 21

S. MATTHEW, AP. EV. M.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Sept. 26

S. CYPRIAN, BP. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

No 2nd E.

Sept. 29

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

97 (E & M) *Tibi Christe, Splendor Patris*

THee, O Christ, the Father's Splendour,
 Life and virtue of the heart,
 In the presence of the Angels
 Sing we now with tuneful art ;
 Meetly in alternate chorus
 Bearing our responsive part.

Thus we praise with veneration
 All the armies of the sky ;
 Chiefly him, the warrior Primate
 Of celestial chivalry,
 Michael, who in princely virtue
 Cast Abaddon from on high.

By whose watchful care repelling,
 King of everlasting grace,
 Every ghostly adversary,
 All things evil, all things base,
 Grant us of thine only goodness
 In thy Paradise a place.

Laud and honour to the Father ;
 Laud and honour to the Son ;
 Laud and honour to the Spirit ;
 Ever Three and ever One ;
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
 While unending ages run. **Amen.**

98 (L) *Christe sanctorum*

CHrist, the fair beauty of the holy Angels,
 Maker of all things, Governor of all men,
 Grant of thy bounty, to thy sons up-soaring,
 Mansions eternal.

Michael, Angel, peace and calmness bearing,
 Heaven-sent herald, deign these courts to enter,
 So may thy presence shed abundant blessing,
 Prospering all things.

Gabriel, Angel of immortal prowess,
 Borne on swift pinions from the heights of heaven,
 Foil the old serpent, and, in love protecting,
 Visit this temple.

Raphael, Angel, health to man restoring,
 Speed to our aidance from the realms of glory,
 Healing the sick ones, every thought and action
 Wisely directing.

Mary, the Mother of our God, be near us;
 Spirits angelick, rank on rank ascending,
 Holy assembly of the Saints perfected,
 Pray we your succour.

This he vouchsafe us, God for ever blessed,
 Father eternal, Son and holy Spirit,
 Whose is the glory, which through all creation
 Ever resoundeth. Amen.

Sept. 30

S. JEROME, P. C. D.

(M) *Hymn 67* (L & 2nd E) *Hymn 68*

Oct. 1

S. REMIGIUS, BP. C. & HIS COMPANIONS

(M) *Hymn 65 (omitting the 3rd, 4th & 5th verses).*

(L & 2nd E) *Hymn 66*

PROPER OF SAINTS

Oct. 6

S. FAITH, V. M.

*As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68**No 2nd E.*

Oct. 9

S. DENYS & HIS COMPANIONS, MM.

As for the Common of many Martyrs, p. 64

Oct. 13

TRANSLATION OF S. EDWARD, K. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Oct. 17

S. ETHELDREDA, V. Q.

*(1st E & M) Hymn 69 (omitting the 2nd & 3rd verses)**(L) Hymn 70 No 2nd E.*

Oct. 18

S. LUKE, EV. M.

As for the Common of Apostles and Evangelists, p. 56

Oct. 25

SS. CRISPIN AND CRISPINIAN, MM.

As for the Common of many Martyrs, p. 64

Oct. 28

SS. SIMON AND JUDE, APP. MM.

As for the Common of Apostles, p. 56

Nov. 1

ALL SAINTS

99 (1st E & M) *Jesu, Salvator seculi*

Jesu, who cam'st the world to save,
By thee redeem'd, thine aid we crave :
Mother of God, in time of need,
For sorrowing souls salvation plead !

Ye Angels in your orders nine,
And Patriarchs in serried line,
With Prophets hoar, of saintly worth,
Ask pardon for the sons of earth !

The Baptist, Christ's dread harbinger,
And he who keys of heav'n doth bear,—
May these, with each Apostle, win
Our freedom from the bond of sin.

Martyrs by suffering sanctified,
And Priests by persecution tried,
With Virgins chaste, a spotless train,
Pray that we all remission gain !

Clergy, your suffrages unite !
And all ye citizens of light,
To speed our vows combine your pow'rs,
That life's eternal prize be ours.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

100 (L & 2nd E) *Christe, Redemptor omnium*

O Christ ! of all Redeemer dear,
Thy servants to protect be near ;
Who to the pleading hearkenest
Of Mary, Ever-Virgin blest.

And ye, all-blissful hosts on high
 Of heav'nly spirits, camping nigh,
 Our past and present ills dispel,
 From future perils guard us well !

Ye Prophets of the Judge adored,
 And twelve Apostles of the Lord,
 For us your ceaseless prayers outpour,
 Salvation for our souls implore !

Martyrs of God, renown'd for aye !
 Confessors ranged in bright array !
 Let all your orisons unite
 To exalt us to the realms of light.

O sacred Virgin quires, may ye,
 With Clerks of holy ministry,
 And every Saint of Christ, obtain
 That we his fellowship may gain.

From lands wherein thy faithful dwell
 Drive far the traitorous infidel ;
 So we to Christ due hymns of praise
 Henceforth with gladsome hearts may raise.

To thee, O Father, born of none,
 And thee, O sole-begotten Son,
 With holy Ghost, all glory be
 From age to age eternally. Amen.

Nov. 6

S. LEONARD, C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Nov. 11

S. MARTIN, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

S. BRICE, ETC.

107

Nov. 13

S. BRICE, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Nov. 15

S. MACHUTUS, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Nov. 17

S. HUGH, BP. C.

As for the Common of a Confessor, p. 66

Nov. 20

S. EDMUND, K. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

Nov. 22

S. CECILIA, V. M.

As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68

No 2nd E.

Nov. 23

S. CLEMENT, BP. M.

As for the Common of one Martyr, p. 61

Nov. 25

S. KATHARINE, V. M.

As for the Common of a Virgin, p. 68

HYMNS FOR THE LESSER HOURS

AT PRIME

101 *Jam lucis orto sidere*

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That he, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day :

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife ;
From anger's din would hide our life ;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes ;
Would close our ears from vanities :

Would keep our inmost conscience pure ;
Our souls from folly would secure ;
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstain'd
Shall praise his Name for victory gain'd.

Ordinary Doxology :

All laud to God the Father be ;
All praise, eternal Son, to thee ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

SPECIAL DOXOLOGIES

From Christmas to Candlemas (except on the Feast of Epiphany and during the Octave), and on all Feasts of Blessed Mary and during their Octaves, and on the Feast of Corpus Christi and during its Octave, when the Service is of the Octaves:

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born to thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

On the day of the Epiphany, and during the Octave:

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay
For thine Epiphany to-day:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

On Low Sunday, and daily until Ascension Day:

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.
To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

On Ascension Day, and daily until Whitsun Day:

Be thou our Joy, and thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward:
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be!
All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

On Whitsun Day, and daily until Trinity Sunday:

Thou once in every holy breast
 Didst bid indwelling grace to rest :
 This day our sins, we pray, release,
 And in our time, O Lord, give peace.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, praise be done :
 And Christ the Lord upon us pour
 The Spirit's gift for evermore.

AT TIERCE

102 *Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus*

Come, holy Ghost, with God the Son,
 And God the Father, ever one :
 Shed forth thy grace within our breast,
 And dwell with us, a ready guest.

By every power, by heart and tongue,
 By act and deed, thy praise be sung :
 In flame with perfect love each sense,
 That others' souls may kindle thence.

Ordinary Doxology :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

For Special Doxologies, see p. 109

*But on Whitsun Day, and on the three days following,
 instead of the foregoing Hymn, is said:*

103

Veni, Creator Spiritus

Come holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest :
Come with thy grace and heav'nly aid,
And fill the hearts which thou hast made.

Thou whom the Paraclete we call,
The gift of God supreme o'er all ;
The Living Fountain, Fire, and Love,
And ghostly Unction from above.

Thou dost a sevenfold gift impart ;
Finger of God's Right Hand thou art ;
Sure Promise of the Father, thou
Our lips with utterance dost endow.

Vouchsafe with light each sense to fire,
And every heart with love inspire :
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.

Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And thine abiding peace bestow ;
So thou be our preventing Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

Through thee may we the Father own ;
Through thee to us the Son be known ;
Thyself, of Both, the Spirit blest,
Be thou in every age confest.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit praise be done :
And Christ the Lord upon us pour
The Spirit's gift for evermore. Amen.

AT SEXT

104

Rektor potens, verax Deus

○ God of truth, O Lord of might,
 Who orderest time and change aright,
 And send'st the early morning ray,
 And light'st the glow of perfect day.

Extinguish thou each sinful fire,
 And banish every ill desire :
 And while thou keep'st the body whole
 Shed forth thy peace upon the soul.

Ordinary Doxology :

O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
 Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

For Special Doxologies, see p. 109

AT NONE

105

Rerum Deus tenax vigor

○ God, Creation's secret force,
 Thyself unmoved, all motion's source,
 Who from the morn till evening's ray,
 Through all its changes guid'st the day :

Grant us, when this short life is past,
 The glorious evening that shall last ;
 That, by a holy death attain'd,
 Eternal glory may be gain'd.

Ordinary Doxology:

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

For Special Doxologies, see p. 109

AT COMPLINE

¶ *On ordinary Sundays, Simple Feasts, Days within Octaves (except as noted below) and Ferias, from Epiphany to Lent, and from Trinity Sunday to Christmas:*

106

Te lucis ante terminum

TO thee, before the close of day,
Creator of the world, we pray,
That, with thy wonted favour, thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.

From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and fantasies :
Tread under foot our ghostly foe,
That no pollution we may know.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

¶ *From Christmas Eve to the Octave of Epiphany ; on Whitsun Eve, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Whitsun Week ; & on all Double Feasts from Epiphany to*

Lent, and from Trinity Sunday to Christmas (except the Feast of the Holy Name); and during the Octaves of Corpus Christi, Feasts of Blessed Mary, and the Dedication of a Church:

107

Salvator mundi, Domine

THEE, Saviour of the world, we pray,
Who hast preserved us through the day,
This night protect us by thy pow'r,
And shield and save us hour by hour.

Be with us now, in mercy nigh,
And spare thy servants when they cry;
Our sins blot out, our prayers receive,
Our darkness lighten, and forgive.

O let not sleep o'ercome the soul,
Nor Satan with his spirits foul;
Our flesh keep chaste, that it may be
An holy temple unto thee.

To thee, who dost our souls renew,
With heart-felt vows we humbly sue,
That pure in heart, and free from stain,
We from our beds may rise again.

Ordinary Doxology:

All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

For Special Doxologies, see p. 109

¶ *On the First Sunday in Lent, and daily until Passion Sunday:*

108 *Christe, qui Lux es et Dies*

○ Christ, that art the Light and Day,
'Fore whom the darkness flees away :
Thee Very Light of Light we own,
Who hast thy glorious light made known.

All-holy Lord, to thee we bend ;
Thy servants through this night defend :
O grant us calm repose in thee,
A quiet night from perils free.

Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
Nor crafty foe the heart possess,
Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
To make us in thy sight impure.

Let but the eyes due slumber take,
The heart to thee be aye awake ;
And thy right hand protection be
To them who love and trust in thee.

Look down, O Lord, our strong defence,
Repress our foes' proud insolence :
Preserve and govern us for good—
The purchase of thy precious blood.

Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,
Pent in this cumbering frame of clay :
Thou only canst the soul defend ;
Be with us, Saviour, to the end.

All laud to God the Father be ;
All praise, eternal Son, to thee ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. **Amen,**

¶ *On Passion Sunday, and daily until Wednesday in
Holy Week inclusive :*

109

Cultor Dei memento

Servant of God ! remember
The hallow'd Font's bedewing ;
The Seal of Confirmation,
Thine inner man renewing.

Take heed when, called by slumber,
All chastely thou reclinest,
That with the holy symbol
Thy brow and breast thou signest.

The Cross doth chase all evil,
Before it darkness flieth ;
That soul abideth steadfast
Which on this Sign relieth.

Far hence ! ye wand'ring phantoms
Of wild unquiet dreaming ;
Begone ! thou arch-deceiver,
With thine unwearied scheming.

O serpent, ever subtil,
Who toils unnumber'd weavest,
And with thy guileful windings
Our hearts of peace bereavest,

Avaunt ! for Christ is with us,
Yea, Christ is here ; then vanish !
This Sign—full well thou know'st it —
Thy ghostly crew shall banish.

What though the weary body
Awhile its rest be taking,
The soul shall, e'en in slumber,
To thoughts of Christ be waking.

Laud to the Sire eternal,
 To Christ, true King of heaven,
 And Paraclete most holy,
 Be now and ever given. Amen.

¶ *On Low Sunday, and daily until Ascension Day:*

IIIO *Jesu Salvator seculi*

Jesu, who brought'st redemption nigh,
 Word of the Father, God most high :
 O Light of Light, to man unknown,
 And watchful Guardian of thine own.

Thy hand Creation made and guides ;
 Thy wisdom time from time divides :
 By this world's cares and toils opprest,
 O give our weary bodies rest.

That, while in frames of sin and pain
 A little longer we remain,
 Our flesh may here in such wise sleep,
 That watch with Christ our souls may keep.

O free us, while we dwell below,
 From insults of our ghostly foe,
 That he may ne'er victorious be
 O'er them that are redeem'd by thee.

We pray thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, thine own elect.

To thee who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

¶ *On Ascension Day, and daily until Whitsun Day :*

III

Jesu nostra redemptio

JESU, Redemption all divine,
Whom here we love, for whom we pine,
God, working out creation's plan,
And, in the latter time, made Man :

What love of thine was that, which led
To take our woes upon thy head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear,
To ransom us from death's despair !

To thee hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey :
And now, in pomp and victor's pride,
Thou sittest at the Father's side.

Let very mercy force thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill ;
And, granting that we ask, on high
With thine own face to satisfy.

Be thou our Joy and thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward :
Our glory and our boast in thee
For ever and for ever be !

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

¶ *On Whitsun Day, (but not on the Eve, see Hymn 107), on the three following days, & on the Feast of the Holy Name :*

II2

Alma chorus Domini

NOW let our voices rehearse our Lord's dear
titles in order :
Saviour, Emmanuel, Sabaóth, Adonäy, Messias,

Consubstantial, the Way and the Life, the Hand,
Only-begotten,
Wisdom and Might, Beginning, the First-born of
every creature,
Alpha and O we name him, at once both the Head
and the Ending,
Fountain and Source of all good, our Advocate
and Mediator,
He is the Heifer, the Lamb, Sheep, Ram, the Worm,
Serpent, and Lion,
Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun, Glory,
Splendour, and Image,
Blossom, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock, Mountain, and
Stone of the Corner,
Angel, and Spouse of his Church, the Shepherd,
the Priest, and the Prophet,
Mighty, Immortal, Supreme, the Lord God Omnipotent, Jesus :
*O may he save us, whose be the glory for ages
of ages. Amen.

**On the Feast of the Holy Name, instead of this verse, is said:*

These be thy titles, Jesu, to thee be all honour
and glory. Amen.

SEQUENCES

ADVENT

113

Salus eterna

Saviour eternal !
Health and Life of the world unfailing ;
Light everlasting !
And in verity our Redemption :

Grieving that the ages of men must perish
Through the tempter's wiliness,
Still in heav'n abiding, thou camest earthward
Of thine own great clemency :

Then freely and graciously
Deigning to assume humanity,
To lost ones and perishing
Gavest thou thy free deliverance,
Filling all the world with joy.

O Christ, our souls and bodies cleanse
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
So we, as temples pure and bright,
Fit for thine abode may be.

By thy former Advent justify :
 By thy second grant us liberty :
 That when in a blaze of glory
 Thou descendest, Judge of all,
 Robed in raiment undefiled,
 We may shine, and ever follow,
 Lord, thy footsteps blest, where'er they lead us.

CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY

Letabundus (see p. 75)
 (N.B. *Amen is not sung*)

EASTER-TIDE

114 *Victrime Paschali laudes*

TO the Paschal Victim, Christians,
 Offer ye grateful praises.

A Lamb the sheep hath ransom'd ;
 Christ, the holy and harmless,
 Reconcileth sinners with the Father.

Death and Life for the mast'ry
 Met in wondrous encounter ;
 The Prince of life, who died, ever liveth.

Tell, Maries, pray tell ye,
 What in the way befell ye ?

'I saw the Lord's three-day prison,
 Whence Jesus in triumph had arisen.'

'Two Angels by-standing,
 The cloth and linen-banding.'

'He's risen, my Hope and Glory ;
 To Galilee he goes before ye.'

That these Maries three have spoken,
That only receive we,
And Jewry's lying tale disbelieve we.

Christ, we know, indeed is risen
From death's gloomy portal :
Have mercy, Victor-monarch immortal.

115

Mane prima Sabbati

Dawning was the first of days,
When the Lord, our Hope and Praise,
God, the Son of God, arose.

Conqu'ring Satan's evil sway,
Christ return'd from hell to-day ;
Ne'er was victory like to this :
He, uprising from the dead,
Brought us joys unnumberèd,
Solace ev'rywhere and bliss.

When the risen Lord was seen,
Blessed Mary Magdalen
Was the herald whom he chose,
News of promised joy to bring
To his brethren, sorrowing
O'er their Master's dying throes.

O thrice blessed eyes that first,
(When the chains of death were burst,
Sin destroy'd and Satan quell'd),
Christ, the King of all, beheld.

This was she who was of old
Lost in sin so manifold,
But at Jesu's feet obtain'd
Grace to pardon all that stain'd.

Mutely suing, grief renewing,
Lo ! she proveth how she loveth
Christ supremely, by her tears :
Whom adoring, and imploring,
He regardeth and rewardeth,
Stilling self-accusing fears.

Mary sweetest ! as is meetest,
For thy holy deeds and lowly,
Thee we hail as 'Ocean-Star ;'
Name thou bearest which thou sharest
With that other blessed Mother,
Who in rank outshines thee far.

One a queenly title gaineth,
One, a sinner, grace obtaineth ;
Each shed upon the Church's night
The joyaunce of returning light.

One the Gate whereby Salvation
Dawn'd amain on all creation ;
The other world-wide bliss restored,
And blazon'd forth the risen Lord.

Magdalen ! our praises heeding,
Aid our vows by interceding ;
O befriend us, and commend us
At the throne of Christ above :
That the Fount of expiation
Who effaced thy degradation,
Reconcilement from defilement
May vouchsafe us in his love.

Amen let creation sing.

¶ *This Sequence may also be used on S. Mary Magdalen's Day, (July 22).*

WHITSUN-TIDE

116

Veni, sancte Spiritus

Come, thou holy Paraclete,
 And from thy celestial seat
 Send thy light and brilliancy :

Father of the poor, draw near ;
 Giver of all gifts, be here ;
 Come, the soul's true radiancy.

Come, of Comforters the best,
 Of the soul the sweetest Guest,
 Come in toil refreshingly :

Thou in labour rest most sweet,
 Thou art shadow from the heat,
 Comfort in adversity.

O thou Light, most pure and blest,
 Shine within the inmost breast
 Of thy faithful company.

Where thou art not, man hath nought ;
 Every holy deed and thought
 Comes from thy Divinity.

What is soiled, make thou pure ;
 What is wounded, work its cure ;
 What is parchèd, fructify :

What is rigid, gently bend ;
 What is frozen, warmly tend ;
 Strengthen what goes erringly.

Fill thy Faithful, who confide
 In thy power to guard and guide,
 With thy seven-fold Mystery.

Here thy grace and virtue send :
 Grant salvation in the end,
 And in heav'n felicity.

CORPUS CHRISTI

117

Lauda Syon Salvatorem

L Aud, O Syon, thy Salvation,
Laud with hymns of exultation
Christ, thy King and Shepherd true :
Bring him all the praise thou knowest,
He is more than thou bestowest,
Never canst thou reach his due.

Special theme for glad thanksgiving
Is the quick'ning and the living
Bread, to-day before thee set :
From his hands of old partaken,
As we know, by faith unshaken,
Where the Twelve at supper met.

Full and clear ring out thy chaunting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting,
From thy heart let praises burst :
For to-day the Feast is holden,
When the institution olden
Of that Supper was rehearsed.

Here the new law's new oblation,
By the new King's revelation,
Ends the form of ancient rite :
Now the new the old effaceth,
Truth away the shadow chaseth,
Light dispels the gloom of night.

What he did at Supper seated,
Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
His memorial ne'er to cease :
And his rule for guidance taking,
Bread and wine we hallow, making
Thus our sacrifice of peace,

This the truth each Christian learneth,
Bread into his Flesh he turneth,
To his precious Blood the wine :
Sight hath fail'd, nor thought conceiveth,
But a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a power divine.

Here beneath these signs are hidden
Priceless things, to sense forbidden ;
Signs, not things, are all we see :
Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is broken,
Yet in either wondrous token
Christ entire we know to be.

Whoso of this Food partaketh,
Rendeth not the Lord nor breaketh—
Christ is whole to all that taste :
Thousands are, as one, receivers,
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of him who cannot waste.

Bad and good the Feast are sharing,
O what diverse dooms preparing,
Endless death, or endless life :
Life to these—to those damnation,
See how like participation
Is with unlike issues rife.

When the Sacrament is broken,
Doubt not, but believe 'tis spoken,
That each sever'd outward token
Doth the very whole contain :
Nought the precious Gift divideth,
Breaking but the sign betideth,
Jesus still the same abideth,
Still unbroken doth remain.

Lo ! the Angels' Food is given
 To the pilgrim who hath striven ;
 See the children's Bread from heaven,
 Which on dogs may not be spent :
 Truth the ancient types fulfilling,
 Isaac bound, a victim willing,
 Paschal lamb, its life-blood spilling,
 Manna to the fathers sent.

Very Bread, good Shepherd, tend us,
 Jesu, of thy love befriend us,
 Thou refresh us, thou defend us,
 Thine eternal goodness send us
 In the land of life to see ;
 Thou who all things canst and knowest,
 Who on earth such Food bestowest,
 Grant us with thy saints, though lowest,
 Where the heav'nly Feast thou showest,
 Fellow-heirs and guests to be.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

118

Hierusalem et Syon filie

SYon's daughters ! Saints of Hierusalem !
 Loyal courtiers, heavenly citizens !
 Strains of gladness raise ye unceasingly !
 Alleluya !

Christ, the Bridegroom, pattern of righteousness,
 Weds the holy Church on this festival,
 Whom from lowest depths of her misery
 He hath ransom'd.

Blood and water shedding abundantly
 From his riven side, he created her,
 On the Rood-tree hanging in Calvary,
 God Incarnate,

First of women, Eva had typified
How his holy Church should be fashionèd,
Hapless Eva, erst in a mystery
Form'd from Adam.

Them whom Eva wrong'd by her cruelty;
 This our Mother tenderly cherisheth—
 Life's fair haven, Rest for the travailing,
 Sure Protectress.

She, the Vessel safely transporting us,
 She, the Sheepfold peacefully sheltering,
 She, the Pillar firmly upholding us,
 Truth's Foundation.

Hail ! thou joyous festal solemnity,
Bride to Bridegroom plighting in unity,
Nuptial banquet, yearly betokening
Man's salvation.

Now the righteous meet with their recompense,
Now forgiveness cheereth the penitent,
While the Angels, joying exceedingly,
Round us gather.

Wisdom's Fountain, sole and all-merciful,
Onward gazing, e'en from eternity
Saw, while ages speeded, his purposes
Thus accomplish'd.

Christ, our Bridegroom, who on this festival
All uniteth, grant us eternally,
In the glorious Church of his chosen ones,
Joys supernal.

119

Letabundus

RAISE your voices,
Faithful quires, with joy exceeding
In the courts on high ;

Lo ! rejoices
Queenly Bride, her nuptials speeding,
For her King is nigh.

Now the lily from afar
Weds the brier ; Sun to star
Troth is plighting :
'Tis a wondrous marriage-bond,
To her God in union fond
Soul uniting.

See ! the Church to-day invites
Christ, espoused with festal rites,
To her chaste embrace :
So the lowly human soul,
Subject, bows to God's control,
'Neath the yoke of grace.

Flesh of man, by mystick tie,
Wedded to God's Son on high,
Rose to high degree :
For the Son, in heav'n who reign'd,
Chief in might and glory, deign'd
Worthless flesh to be.

Princely state he laid aside,
Chose a black but comely bride,
Whom his love hath glorified,
Fair and holy :
Thus did Christ his word fulfil,
For that, by a mighty skill,
From defilement's stain his will
Cleansed the lowly.

Maiden, then hasten thee,
Sit with thy Bridegroom free,
Crown'd with majesty,
Sceptred and throned ;

See how thy Spouse and Lord,
 Veil'd by the written word,
 In full light adored,
 True faith hath own'd.

APOSTLES

120

Stola regni laureatus

L Aurell'd with the stole victorious
 Is the great King's Senate glorious,
 Is the Apostolick Quire :
 Heart and lips keep well in chorus,
 While the pure soul's strains sonorous
 To angelick hymns aspire.

These, earth's highest decoration,
 That shall judge each tongue and nation—
 These, the rock of newest grace :
 Ere the world was, pre-elected,
 By the Architect erected
 In the Church's highest place.

Nazarites of ancient story,
 They the Cross's wars and glory
 To the listening world relate ;
 Thus the Word of God adorning,
 Night to night, to morning morning,
 Speech and knowledge indicate.

They, earth's furthest limits reaching,
 Christ's most easy burthen preaching,
 Propagate the word of life ;
 Earth returns her cultured treasure,
 And in more abundant measure
 With the God-Man's faith is rife.

These the temple's sure foundations,
 These are they that bind the nations
 Into God's great house above ;
 These the city's pearly portal,
 Knitting faith with work immortal,
 Jew and Gentile into love.

Patriarchs twelve in order meetest,
 Twelfefold wells of water sweetest,
 Shewbreads of the temple rite,
 Gems that deck the priestly vestment ;
 Thus they gain their true attestment,
 As the people's chiefs in fight.

Let their prayer preserve from error,
 Add to faith, and quench the terror
 Of the woe of final doom :
 So that, freed from all transgression,
 We may enter on possession
 Of the happiness to come.

EVANGELISTS

121

Laus devota mente

PRaise, the true heart's offer,
 Let our voices proffer,
 And our thanks to Christ resound,
 For the faith's four Preachers,
 And unshaken Teachers,
 Whom his grace hath made renown'd.

He by these would render
 Brilliance out of splendour,
 As his wont, to earth around ;
 While by their election,
 Uttermost rejection
 Heresy and schism found.

These four holy fountains
Bathe the vales and mountains
With the stream whose waters save ;
These, from Eden flowing,
Through the wide world going,
Pour their undivided wave.

These make good the features
Of the Living Creatures,
Whom prophetick visions trace ;
Varied forms possessing,
But alike progressing,
One and all, in equal pace.

These, with pinions gifted,
These, from earth uplifted,
With the living chariot go ;
Full of eyes each pinion,
In serene dominion,
Herald they God's Word below.

Here those four rings golden
Well may be beholden,
Which the Ark of God upbore ;
Christ the good seed sowing,
And the fruit bestowing,
In the doctrine of the Four.

That old type declaring
Of the chariot, bearing
Saba's queen to Salem's hall,
Is this car elected,
By the Lamb directed—
By the Lamb that died for all.

Christ is Head and Ending
Of their aim and tending,
He whose presence all things fills :

By the blest inditing
Of their holy writing
Stands the Church secure from ills.

At their supplication,
Grant us, Lord, salvation
From eternal death and woe ;
By their holy teaching,
Safe and happy reaching
Of celestial joys bestow.

ONE MARTYR

122

Letabundi jubilemus

J Oyou's be our jubilation !
To the Martyrs' celebration
Gladsome honour let us give :
Death, by grace divine, defying,
In a world of sorrow dying,
By a second birth they live.

These to Christ have borne their witness,
These, by scorn of earth, their fitness
Sought for heav'n's eternal day :
Unto death their Monarch loving,
And their will to follow proving,
Chose they death's more speedy way.

In the Rood they gloried,—truly
Bore they all its weight, and duly
Did their Master's charge regard :
'Let them follow me, in bearing
Each his cross, its burden sharing,
Who would have in heav'n reward.'

Thus the Martyr-band proceeded,
Thus in princely glory speeded
To the everlasting home :
As they journey'd onward ever,
Scoffs to suffer ceased they never,
Thrall and fetters burdensome.

Stoned were they by foes unsated,
Sorely scourged, and lacerated
Oft by tortures numberless ;
But the spirit pure ascended
When the afflicted flesh was rended,
As the lees beneath the press.

Live their souls for ever cherish'd,
When the power of time has perish'd
With this mortal coil's decay :
High in heav'n abide they reigning,
And, all meaner garb disdaining,
Shine in victor's stole for aye.

Christ's own Martyr, thou dost merit
Crown of laurel to inherit,
With a radiant halo dight :
Certain truth thy sight allureth,
While a riddle's mist obscureth
Us who walk by reason's light.

Citizen of realms eternal,
Dweller 'mid the hosts supernal,
O that we, when life is o'er,
Bow'd by manifold transgression,
At thy glorious intercession,
May to heav'nly mansions soar.

MANY MARTYRS

123

O beata beatorum

Blessed feasts of blessed Martyrs,
Saintly days of saintly men,
With affection's recollections
Greet we your return again.

Worthy are they worthy wonders
To perform, the conflict o'er :
We with meetest praise and sweetest
Venerate them evermore.

Faith unblenching, hope unquenching,
Dear-lov'd Lord, and single heart :
Thus they glorious and victorious
Bore the Martyr's happy part.

Blood in slaughter pour'd like water ;
Torments long and heavy chain,
Flame and axe and laceration
They endured, and conquer'd pain.

While they pass'd through divers tortures,
Till they sank, by death oppress,
Earth's rejected were elected
To have portion with the Blest.

By contempt of worldly pleasures,
And by mighty battles done
Have they merited with Angels
To be knit for aye in one.

Wherefore, made co-heirs of glory,
Ye that sit with Christ on high,
Join to ours your supplications,
As for grace and peace we cry ;

That, this naughty life completed,
 And its transient labours past,
 We may merit to be seated
 In our Lord's bright home at last.

CONFESSORS

124

Superne matris gaudia

THe Church on earth, with answering love,
 Echoes her Mother's joys above :
 These yearly feast-days she may keep,
 And yet for endless festals weep.

In this world's valley, dim and wild,
 That Mother must assist the child ;
 And heav'nly guards must pitch their tents,
 And range their ranks in our defence.

The world, the flesh, and Satan's rage
 Their differing wars against us wage ;
 And when their phantom hosts come on,
 The Sabbath of the heart is gone.

This triple league, with fierce dislike,
 At holy festivals would strike ;
 And set the battle in array
 To drive their peace from earth away.

Here storms confused above us lower,
 Of hope and fear, of joy and pain ;
 No marvel,—scarce for one half-hour
 Is silence kept in Heav'n's domain.

That distant City, O how blest,
 Whose feast-days know no pause nor rest !
 How gladsome is that Palace gate,
 Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait !

Nor languor here, nor weary age,
Nor fraud nor dread of hostile rage ;
But one the joy, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng.

There Angel-citizens obey,
Submissive to a triple sway ;
And lowly bow before the throne
Of God their Monarch, Three in One.

To him their wondering eyes they raise,
And never weary as they gaze ;
Fruition theirs which never tires ;
Enjoyment quickens new desires.

The Fathers there of every land
In order of their merit stand ;
All clouds that dimm'd their vision flee,
And in the Light their light they see.

The Saint, whose praise to-day we sing,
Is standing now before the throne,
And face to face beholds the King,
In all his Majesty made known.

And Mary there, the Virgins' Queen,
Above the highest grade is seen,
And to her Liege presents her plea
That our misdeeds may pardon'd be.

That we their glorious rest may share,
When this life's many toils are past,
Christ, at their all-availing prayer,
Vouchsafe, of thy sweet grace, at last.

VIRGINS

125

Virgines egregie

Virgin Saints of high renown,
 Virgins consecrated,
 Ye before your Spouse appear
 Crown'd and decorated :
 With the everlasting rest
 Ye on high are gifted ;
 Let a new-made song of praise
 To your Lord be lifted.

Chastity's own lily sweet
 Ye were well deserving,
 For the love of God's dear Son,
 Which ye were preserving :
 Ye, to be the Spirit's shrine,
 As your lot were choosing,
 Earthly love and wedlock's bonds
 Constantly refusing.

Flowers of holy modesty
 Were your chiefest treasure ;
 So ye trod beneath your feet
 Every fleshly pleasure :
 Thus the prize of purity
 Hath to you been meted ;
 With the Virgin's stainless Son
 Ye for aye are seated.

FEASTS OF OUR LADY

126

Missus Gabriel de celis

Gabriel, from heav'n descending,
 On the faithful Word attending,
 Is in holy converse blending
 With the Virgin full of grace :

That good word and sweet he plighteth
In the bosom where it lighteth,
And for *Eva Ave* writeth,
Changing Eva's name and race.

At the promise that he sendeth,
God the Incarnate Word descendeth ;
Yet no carnal touch offendeth
Her, the undefiled one :
She, without a father, beareth,
She no bridal union shareth,
And a painless birth declareth
That she bare the Royal Son.

Tale that wondering search entices !
But believe—and that suffices ;
It is not for man's devices
Here to pry with gaze unmeet :
High the sign, its place assuming
In the bush, the unconsuming ;
Mortal, veil thine eyes presuming,
Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.

As the rod by wondrous power,
Moisten'd not by dew nor shower,
Bare the almond and the flower,
Thus he came, the Virgin's fruit :
Hail the Fruit, O world, with gladness !
Fruit of joy and not of sadness :
Adam had not lapsed to madness
Had he tasted of its shoot.

Jesus, kind above all other,
Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
In the stable born our Brother,
Whom the angelick hosts adore ;

He, once cradled in a manger,
 Heal our sin and calm our danger ;
 For our life, to this world stranger,
 Is in peril evermore.

127

Verbum bonum et suave

Sing we 'Ave,' word endearing,
 Mary's welcome, sweet and cheering,
 When th' expected hour was nearing
 To the Daughter, Mother, Maid ;
 At the quick'ning salutation,
 David's seed of royal station
 Won the Lord of all creation,
 Lily 'mid the thorns display'd.

Ave ! with their trine oblation
 Sages gave thee salutation,
 Gideon's fleece prefiguration,
 Mother of true Solomon ;
Ave ! Sun resplendent bearing,
 Virgin, joy maternal sharing,
 For a fallen world preparing
 Life in glory, and a throne.

Ave ! Branch of perfume rarest,
 Burning Bush, the Word who barest,
 Queen of Angels, best and fairest,
 Port for wanderers o'er the sea ;
 From thy Son, by intercession,
 Mercy win for our transgression,
 And a title to possession
 Of eternal bliss with thee.

¶ *See also Hymn 76*

ALL SAINTS' DAY

128

Sponsa Christi

S Pouse of Christ, who, through the wide world
Warring still, dost take no rest,
Holy Mother, wake the descant,
Sing the triumphs of the Blest.

Let the day, to All Saints hallow'd,
Mingled with the joys of heaven,
Sounding forth its solemn anthem,
Joyous run from morn till even.

Mary leads the laurell'd army,
Linkèd with her Son is she,—
Mary who, alone of mothers,
Lost not her virginity.

After—throng the quires of Angels,
Spirits ever ministrant ;
While unto the Star-Creator
Lauds a thousand-fold they chaunt.

John with them, the more than Prophet,
Christ's forerunner, herald fleet,
Holy Seers and hoary Fathers
Sing the accordant song and sweet.

Princes of the sacred Senate,
Saintly Judges of the earth,—
They, on lofty thrones exalted,
Weigh of all the works and worth.

Martyrs, of their life-blood thriftless,
Vested in the purple vest,
Life through death's dim portal entering,
Revel in unending rest.

There the Confessors of Jesus,
Prelates, with the Levite train,
Spurning this world's vain enjoyments,
Glory everlasting gain.

Lo, in bridal pomp, fair Virgins,
To the Lamb all consecrate,
Haste, with lilies and with roses,
On the Bridegroom's steps to wait.

All the Saints,—their lot is blessed,
Him the Almighty they confess,
Glory give to God, and honour,
And his Name Thrice Holy bless.

Saints in heav'n, ye happy spirits,
Glorified by God above,
Lend an ear to our entreaties,
One and all look down in love.

Pour on us, in ample measure,
Gifts from that exhaustless Spring;
Your prevailing intercession
Peace in this our time shall bring.

So may we, as loyal subjects,
Serve our God in holiness,
To the end we may hereafter
Share the joy ye now possess.

PROCESSIONS

PALM SUNDAY

129

Gloria, laus et honor

℣. **G**lory and honour and laud be to thee, King
Christ the Redeemer !

Children of old in whose praise sweetest Osannas
outpour'd.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. Israel's Monarch art thou, and the glorious Off-
spring of David,

Thou that approachest, a King, blest in the Name
of the Lord.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. Glory to thee upon high, the heavenly armies are
singing ;

Glory to thee upon earth, man and creation reply.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. Met thee with Palms in their hands that day the
folk of the Hebrews ;

We with our prayers and our hymns now to thy
presence approach.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

℣. They to thee proffer'd their praise for to herald
thy dolorous Passion ;

We to the King on his throne utter the jubilant
hymn.

℟. Glory and honour, etc.

¶ They were then pleasing to thee, unto thee our
devotion be pleasing ;
Merciful King, kind King, who in all goodness art
pleased.

Ry. Glory and honour, etc.

¶ They in their pride of descent were rightly the
children of Hebrews ;
Hebrews are we, whom the Lord's Passover maketh
the same.

Ry. Glory and honour, etc.

¶ Victory won o'er the world be to us for our branches
of palm-tree,
That in the Conqueror's joy this to thee still be
our song.

Ry. Glory and honour, etc.

EASTER DAY

I30

Salve ! festa dies

¶ **H**Ail thee ! Festival day, thrice hallow'd for
ages of ages !
God, who hath conquer'd hell, riseth again from
the dead.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

¶ Lo ! the fair beauty of earth, from the death of
winter arising,
Shows how his gifts to mankind all with their
Master return.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. He that was slain on the Rood now reigneth in
boundless dominion ;

Ev'ry created thing praiseth its Maker and Lord.

℟. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Prithee, thy promise redeem, shew forth thy power
and goodness ;

Now hath the third day dawn'd ; rise from the
prisoning stone.

℟. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Ill it beseemeth thy limbs to linger in lowly dis-
honour ;

Rocks are unmeet to hide him who hath ransom'd
the world.

℟. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. He in whose infinite grasp both heaven and earth
are containèd,

May not a captive rest, mured in the vault of the
tomb.

℟. Hail thee !

℣. Rid thee of burial-garb, and winding-sheet that
enwraps thee ;

Thou art enough for us ; where thou art not, there
is naught.

℟. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Thou hast endured the grave, who art Author of
life and creation ;

Treading the pathway of death, life thou bestowest
on all.

℟. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Light of thy Face restore, that all ages may joy
 in thy splendour ;
 Send us again bright day, veil'd at thy death from
 our eyes.
 R̃. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Forth from the fetters of death thou art leading
 innumerable captives ;
 Freely they bend their steps whither their Ransomer
 goes.
 R̃. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Burst are the gates of hell ; the chains of his bondage
 are broken :
 Chaos, in trembling fear, shrinks from the presence
 of Light.
 R̃. Hail thee ! etc.

ASCENSION DAY

131

Salve ! festa dies

℣. **H**ail thee ! Festival day, thrice hallow'd for ages
 of ages :—
 Day when our God ascends, high into heaven to
 reign.
 R̃. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Lo ! the fair beauty of earth, from the death of
 winter arising,
 Shews how his gifts to mankind all with their
 Master return.
 R̃. Hail thee ! etc.

☩ Cloudless o'erhead are the skies, with flow'rets the
pastures are smiling,
While the bright orb of day glows with effulgence
of light.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

☩. Sorrow and death are past, now Christ as a Victor
returneth ;
Leafage the woodland adorns, meadows with
herbage are deck'd.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

☩. Down-treading hell's dread power, to highest hea-
ven he soareth,
Earth, sky, and ocean the while pouring their
jubilant hymn.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

☩. Loose from the chains of hell long-waiting spirits
in prison ;
Souls in the shadow of death call to the realms of
the blest.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

☩. Forth from the fetters of death thou art leading
innumerable captives ;
Freely they bend their steps whither their Ransomer
goes.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

☩. Cleans'd from their guilt, renew'd, and embraced
in the arms of thy mercy,
Up to the Father on high, bear them, the pledges
of grace.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

¶ Crown upon crown be thy meed from above, O
Victor eternal,
One for thine own Name's sake, one in thy people
obtain'd.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

¶ Sovran Health of the world, Creator, Redeemer and
Saviour,

Only-begotten of God, Son of the Father supreme.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

¶ Peer of the Father art thou, co-eternal, in glory
co-equal,

Thou by whom every thing in the beginning was
made.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

¶ Seeing that all mankind were sunk in the pit of
destruction,

Thou, to deliver our race, deignedst our flesh to
assume.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

WHITSUN DAY

Salve ! festa dies

132
¶ Hail thee ! Festival day, thrice hallow'd for ages
of ages :—
Day whereon grace from above came to enlighten
the world.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc. .

¶ Lo ! in the likeness of tongues, mysterious, fiery,
cloven,

O'er the Apostles in prayer broodeth the Spirit of
God.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Into the souls of men he pours the full wealth of
the Godhead,—
Sent from the Father's throne, bearing the mystical
gifts.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Straight they begin to rehearse the wondrous works
of the Master,
Teaching in alien tongues people of many a race.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Praise be to thee, pure Light of the soul, very Breath
of our being ;
Author and Giver of life, gladdening Light of the
world.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. God, of all goodness the sum, true peace, sweet
lover of concord,
Come, and our inmost hearts fill with the manna
divine.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Spirit, who fillest the world, Lord God omnipotent,
hear us ;
Purify us for thyself ; quicken, illumine and aid.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Fain are we now to press to the inmost secret of
wisdom,
Where the elect Cherubyn mysteries hidden behold.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. O that the Seraph would touch our lips with a coal
from the altar !
So should our ice-bound hearts glow with the fire
of thy love.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Salve ! festa dies

133
 V. **H**ail thee ! Festival day, thrice hallow'd for ages
 of ages,
 When to his Church on earth God doth his Presence
 impart.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

V. Harrow'd are death and hell ; in gladness the
 Festival dawneth ;
 Sin hath surrender'd to grace ; life that was lost is
 restored.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

V. Here is the Body of Christ, that saveth from death
 everlasting,—
 Food by the manna foretold, writ in the records
 of yore.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

V. Here is the Father's Word, of heaven and earth the
 Creator ;
 He, with the Father one, blest with his Godhead
 the world.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

V. Here is the Angels' Bread, to the righteous the
 food of salvation,—
 Bread that availeth not them that receive it in sin.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

V. He, the Incarnate God, who stablish'd the work of
 creation,
 Trampling on hell's dread hosts, ruleth, Redeemer
 and King.

Ry. Hail thee !

℣. He in the fulness of time was born by a wondrous
conception,

Son of a spotless Maid, guest of a virginal womb.
℞. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. His very Flesh and Blood he took, when at supper
reclining,

And the disciples twelve fed with the mystical gifts.
℞. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Thus doth the Virgin-born, the Father's infinite
Wisdom,

Plead as a Victim true, laid on the altar of God.
℞. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Thron'd on the Cross in the flesh, o'er death he
triumph'd in dying,

Saving the world from sin, cleans'd by the Water
and Blood.

℞. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Purchasing life by death, his palms our Ransom
extended ;

And, when the third day dawn'd, rose in the flesh
from the grave.

℞. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Grant us eternal rest, primeval Fountain of
blessings ;

Ours be the land where day dureth, and night is
unknown.

℞. Hail thee ! etc.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

134

Salve ! festa dies

Ÿ. **H**Ail thee ! Festival day, thrice hallow'd for ages
 of ages,
 When to the Church, his bride, plighteth the
 Bridegroom his troth.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. This is the Palace of God, the abode of peace and
 refreshment ;
 Solomon here on the poor richly his bounty bestows.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Christ, of David the Son, who deigneth to call us
 his brethren,
 Here in our mother's courts dwelleth as God and
 as Man.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Ye are a heavenly race, and born of a mystical
 wedlock,
 Who by faith undefil'd seek to be one with your
 Lord.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Here the new City of Peace, from heaven in glory
 descending,
 Shines in apparel fair, wrought in the Kingdom of
 Light.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

Ÿ. Bathed in baptismal dew here faith's rich harvest
 aboundeth ;
 Gift of the righteous King, pledged to his Church
 from on high.

Ry. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. Hither with fleetness speed, for here is the Tower
of David ;
Treasured within will ye find pledges of heavenly
worth.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. This is the Ark of God, sure refuge of aid for
believers,
Who through the storms of life pass to the haven
of rest.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

℣. This is the Ladder, of old reveal'd in a vision to
Iacob,
Which shall the faithful soul raise to the presence
of God.

Rz. Hail thee ! etc.

DEO GRACIAS

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¶ The Roman numerals denote the century in which the Hymns were composed.

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† " *alterations of original text.*

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